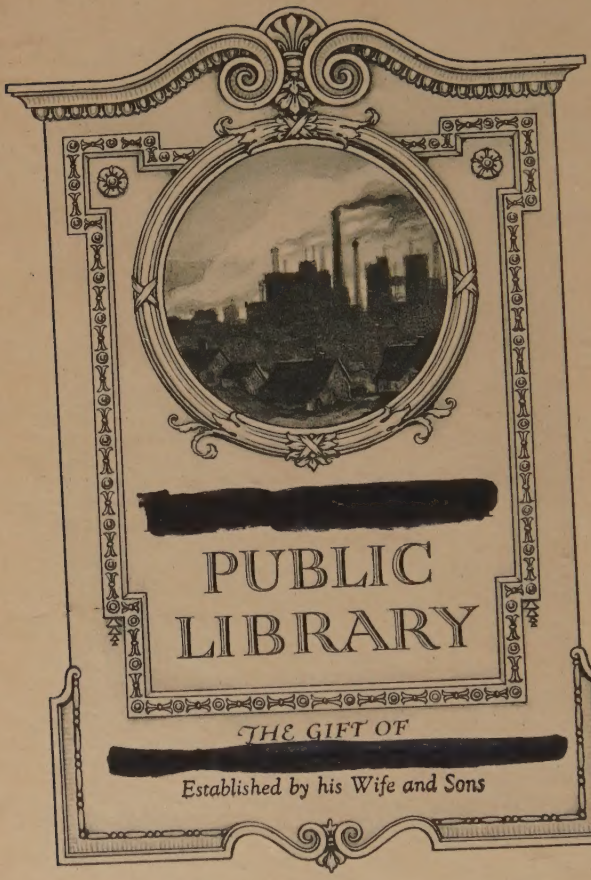
Selected Readings From Prose Fiction

M. Louise Hurst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Selected Readings

From

Prose Fiction

Arranged by

M. Louise Hurst

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SELECTED READINGS

. . . . FROM . . . .

PROSE FICTION.

In the Desert.—Honore de Balzac.

During the expedition in Upper Egypt under General Desaix, a Provencial soldier fell into the hands of the Mangrabins, and was taken by these Arabs into the deserts beyond the falls of the Nile.

In order to place a sufficient distance between themselves and the French army, the Mangrabins made forced marches, and only rested during the night. They camped round a well overshadowed by palm trees under which they had previously concealed a store of provisions. Not surmising that the notion of flight would occur to their prisoners, they contented themselves with binding his hands, and after eating a few dates, and giving provender to their horses, went to sleep.

When the brave Provencal saw that his enemies were no longer watching him, he made use of his teeth to steal a scimitar, fixed the blade between his knees, and cut the cords which prevented his using his hands; in a moment he was free. He at once seized a rifle and a daggar, then taking the precaution to provide himself with a sack of dried dates, oats, and powder and shot, and to fasten a scimitar to his waist, he leapt on to a horse, and spurred on vigorously in the direction where he thought to find the French army. So impatient was he to see a bivouac again

that he pressed on the already tired coarser at such speed that his flanks were lacerated with his spurs, and at last the poor animal died, leaving the Frenchman alone in the desert. After walking some time in the sand with all the courage of an escaped convict, the soldier was obliged to stop, as the day had already ended. In spite of the beauty of an oriental sky at night, he felt he had not strength enough to go on. Fortunately he had been able to find a small hill, on the summit of which a few palm trees shot up into the air; it was their verdure seen from afar which had brought hope and consolation to his heart.

But when, after counting the palm trees, he cast his eyes around him, the most horrible despair was infused into his soul. Before him stretched an ocean without limit. The dark sand of the desert spread further than sight could reach in every direction, and glittered like steel struck with bright light.

The silence was awful in its wild and terrible majesty. Infiinity, immensity, closed in upon the soul from every side. Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air.

Fatigued by the heat and travel, at last he fell asleep.

In the middle of the night his sleep was troubled by an extraordinary noise; he sat up, and the deep silence around him allowed him to distinguish the alternative accents of a respiration, whose savage energy could not belong to a human creature.

A profound terror, increased still further by the darkness, the silence, and his waking images, froze his heart within him. He almost felt his hair stand on end, when by straining his eyes to their utmost he perceived through the shadows two faint yellow lights. At first he attributed these lights to the reflection of his own pupils, but soon the vivid brilliance of the night aided him gradually to distinguish the objects around him, and he beheld a huge animal lying but two feet from him. Was it a lion, tiger, or a crocodile?

Presently the reflection of the moon, descending on the horizon, rendered gradually visible and resplendent the spotted skin of a panther.

This lion of Egypt slept, curled up like a big dog; its eyes opened for a moment and closed again; its face was turned towards the man. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the Frenchman's mind; first he thought of killing it with a bullet from his gun, but he saw that there was not enough distance between them for hi nto take proper aim, the shot would miss the mark. And if it were to wake!—the thought made his limbs rigid. He listened to his own heart beating in the midst of the silence, fearing to disturb that sleep which allowed him time to think of some means of escape.

Twice he placed his hand on his scimitar, intending to cut off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting the stiff short hair compelled him to abandon this daring project. To miss would be to die for certain, he thought; he preferred the chances of fair fight, and made up his mind to wait 'till morning; the morning did not leave him long to wait.

He could now examine the panther at ease; its muzzle was smeared with blood.

"She's had a good dinner," he thought, without troubling himself as to whether her feast might have been on human flesh. "She won't be hungry when she gets up."

"The day before yesterday the Arabs would have killed me perhaps," he said; so considering himself as good as dead already, he waited bravely, with excited curiosity, his enemy's awakening.

When the sun appeared, the panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she put out her paws with energy, as if to stretch them and get rid of cramp. At last she yawned, showing the formidable apparatus of her teeth and pointed tongue, rough as a file. He seized the small short dagger which he had taken from the Mangrabins. At this moment the panther turned her head toward the man and looked at him fixedly without moving.

The rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable lustre made him shudder, especially when the animal walked towards him. But he looked at her caressingly, staring into her

eyes in order to magnetize her, and let her come quite close to him; then with a movement both gentle and amorous, he passed his hand over her whole body, from the head to the tail, scratching the flexible vertebrae which divided the panther's yellow back. The animal waved her tail voluptuously, and her eyes grew gentle; and when for the third time the Frenchman accomplished this interesting flattery, she gave forth one of those purrings by which our cats express their pleasure.

The sultana of the desert showed herself gracious to her slave; she lifted her head, stretched out her neck, and manifested her delight by the tranquility of her attitude. It suddenly occurred to the soldier that to kill this savage princess with one blow he must poignard her in the throat

He raised the blade, when the panther, satisfied no doubt, laid herself gracefully at his feet, and cast up at him glances in which, in spite of their natural fierceness, was mingled confusedly a kind of good-will.

"Ah, but when she is really hungry!" thought the Frenchman. The soldier tried if he might walk up and down, and the panther left him free, contenting herself with following him with her eyes, less like a faithful dog than a big Angora cat, observing everything, and every movement of her master.

He returned to her, and had the unspeakable joy of seeing her wag her tail with an almost imperceptible movement at his approach. He sat down then, without fear, by her side, and they began to play together; he took her paws and muzzle, pulled her ears, rolled her over on her back, stroked her warm delicate flanks. She let him do whatever he liked, and when he began to stroke the hair on her feet she drew her claws in carefully..

The man, keeping the dagger in one hand, thought to plunge it into the too-confiding panther, but he was afraid that he would be immediately strangled in her last convulsive struggle; besides, he felt in his heart a sort of remorse which bid him respect a

creature that had done him no harm. He seemed to have found a friend, in a boundless desert.

At the setting of the sun the panther gave, several times running, a profound melancholy cry. "She's been well brought up," said the light-hearted soldier; "she says her prayers." But this mental joke only occurred to him when he noticed what a pacific attitude his companion remained in. "Come, I'll let you go to bed first," he said to her, counting on the activity of his own legs to run away as quickly as possible, directly she was asleep, and seek another shelter for the night.

The soldier waited with impatience the hour of his flight, and when it had arrived he walked vigorously in the direction of the Nile; but hardly had he made a quarter of a league in the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, crying with that saw-like cry more dreadful even than the sound of her leaping.

"Ah!" he said, "then she has taken a fancy to me; she has never met anyone before, and it is really quite flattering to have her first love." That instant the man fell into one of those movable quicksands so terrible to travellers and from which it is impossible to save oneself. Feeling himself caught he gave a shriek of alarm; the panther seized him with her teeth by the collar, and, springing vigorously backwards, drew him as if by magic out of the whirling sand.

"Ah!" cried the soldier, caressing her enthusiastically; "we're bound together for life and death—but no jokes mind!" and he retraced his steps. From that time the desert seemed inhabited, and during the long hours, when he had abandoned hope, he amused himself with the panther.

"At last," said this Frenchman, "I don't know if I hurt her, but she turned around, as if enraged, and with her sharp teeth caught hold of my leg—gently, I daresay; but I, thinking she would devour me, plunged my daggar into her throat. She rolled over, giving a cry that froze my heart; and I saw her dying,

still looking at me without anger. I would have given all the world—my cross even, which I had not got then—to have brought her to life again. It was as though I had murdered a real person; and the soldiers who had seen my flag, and were come to my assistance, found me in tears. Since then I have been in war in Germany, in Spain, in Russia, in France; but never have I seen anything like the desert. Ah! yes, it is very beautiful!"

"'Yes, but explain———'

"'Well,' said the Frenchman, with an impatient gesture, "it is God without mankind."

The King's Favorite.

From "To Have and To Hold"—Mary Johnson.

[By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Captain Ralph Percy, who tells the story, was a young officer of Virginia at the time of the arrival of the ship, "Bonaventure," which brought maidens from England to be given as wives to the colonists in exchange for one hundred pounds of tobacco.

Master John Rolf advised Captain Percy to go down to the ship and obtain a wife from its strange cargo. That night while musing over this advice in his lonely cabin Captain Percy cast dice for a decision. The answer was "yea." The next day while at the service held in the little church where the maidens were assembled, Captain Percy observed a proud, beautiful and graceful woman, unlike all others in the motly crowd, and afterwards he defended her against a ruffian who pursued her. On that same day this woman, Jocelyn Leigh, became the wife of Captain Percy. He learned, after their marriage, that she

was the King's ward and kinswoman, and that she had fled from England, in the dress and under the name of her waiting maid, to avoid marriage with the man whom the King had chosen for her husband and whom she despised.

A few weeks after this marriage Captain Percy and his wife were in Jamestown where he had gone to be present at a meeting of the Assembly.

The alarm was given that a ship was coming in which was believed to be the dreaded Spaniard.

The Governor, Councilors, and people of the colony assembled on the shore.

The great ship came steadily on, her white sails growing larger and larger, moment by moment, her tiers of guns were distinct and menacing, her whole aspect more defiant. Her waist seemed packed with men. But no streamers, no flag.

A puff of smoke floated up from the deck of the Tiger, and a ball from one of her two tiny falcons passed through the stranger's rigging. A cheer for the brave little cockboat arose from the English. "David and his pebble!" exclaimed Master Jeremy Sparrow. "Now for Goliath's twenty pounders!"

But no flame and thunder issued from the guns aboard the stranger. Instead, from her deck there came to us what sounded mightily like a roar of laughter. Suddenly, from each masthead and yard shot out streamers of red and blue, up from the poop rose and flaunted in the wind the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and with a crash, trumpet, drum, and fife rushed into

"Here's to jolly good ale and old!"

"By the Lord, she's English!" shouted the Governor.

On she came, banners flying, music playing, and laughter rising from her decks. The Tiger, the Truelove, and the Due Return sent no more hailstones against her; they turned and resolved themselves into her consort. The watch, a grim old sea dog that had come in with Dale, swung himself down from his

post, and came toward the Governor at a run. "I know her now, sir!" he shouted. "I was at the winning of Cales, and she's the Santa Teresa, that we took and sent home to the Queen. She was Spanish once, sir, but she's English now."

The gates were flung open, and the excited people poured out again upon the river bank. I found myself beside the Governor, whose honest countenance wore an expression of profound bewilderment.

"What d' ye make of her, Percy," he said. "The Company doesn't send servants, felons, 'prentices, or maids in such craft; no, nor officers or governors, either. It's the King's ship, sure enough, but what is she doing here,—that's the question. What does she want, and whom does she bring?"

"We'll soon know," I answered, "for there goes her anchor."

Five minutes later a boat was lowered from the ship, and came swiftly toward us. The boat had four rowers, and in the stern sat a tall man, black-bearded, high-colored, and magnificently dressed. It touched the sand some two hundred feet from the spot where Governor, Councillors, officers, and a sprinkling of other sorts stood staring at it, and at the great ship beyond. The man in the stern leaped out, looked around him, and then walked toward us. As he walked slowly, we had leisure to note the richness of his doublet and cloak, — the one slashed, the other lined with scarlet taffeta,—the arrogance of his mien and gait, and the superb full-blooded beauty of his face.

"The handsomest man that I ever saw!" ejaculated the Governor.

Master Pory, standing beside him, drew in his breath, then puffed it out again. "Handsome enough, your Honor," he said, "Unless handsome is as handsome does. That gentleman, is my Lord Carnal,—that is the King's latest favorite."

I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and turned to find Mistress Percy beside me. Her cheeks were white, her eyes aflame, her whole frame tense. The passion that dominated her was so clearly anger at white heat that I stared at her in amazement.

Her hand slid from my shoulder to the bend of my arm and rested there. "Remember that I am your wife sir," she said in a low, fierce voice,—"your kind and loving wife." You said that your sword was mine; now bring your wit to the same service!"

There was not time to question her meaning. The man whose position in the realm had just been announced by the Secretary, and of whom we had all heard as one not unlikely to supplant even Buckingham himself, was close at hand. The Governor, head-piece in hand, stepped forward; the other swept off his Spanish hat; both bowed profoundly.

"I speak to his Honor the Governor of Virginia?" inquired the newcomer. His tone was offhand, his hat already back upon his head.

"I am George Yeardley, at my Lord Carnal's service," answered the Governor.

The favorite raised his eyebrows. "I don't need to introduce myself, it seems," he said. "You've found that I am not the devil, after all,—at least not the Spanish Apollyon. Zooks! a hawk above a poultry yard couldn't have caused a greater commotion than did my poor little ship and my few poor birding pieces! Does every strange sail so put you through your paces?"

The Governor's color mounted. "We are not at home," he answered stiffly. "Here we are few and weak and surrounded by many dangers, and have need to be vigilant, being planted; as it were, in the very grasp of that Spain who holds Europe in awe, and who claims this land as her own. That we are here at all is proof enough of our courage, my lord."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I don't doubt your mettle," he said negligently. "I dare say it matches your armor."

His glance had rested for a moment upon the battered head-piece and ancient rusty breastplate with which Master Jeremy Sparrow was bedight. * * * * * * * * *

The bravado with which he spoke, the insolence of his bold glance and curled lip, the arrogance with which he flaunted that King's favor which should be a brand more infamous than the

hangman's, his beauty, the pomp of his dress,—all were alike hateful. I hated him then, scarce knowing why, as I hated him afterward with reason.

He now pulled from the breast of his doublet a packet, which he proffered the Governor. "From the King, sir," he announced, in the half-fierce, half-mocking tone he had made his own. "You may read it at your leisure. He wishes you to further me in a quest upon which I have come."

The Governor took the packet with reverence. "His Majesty's will is our law," he said. "Anything that lies in our power, sir; though if you come for gold"—

The favorite laughed again. "I've come for a thing a deal more precious, Sir Governor,—a thing worth more to me than all the treasures of the Indies with Manoa and El Dorado thrown in,—to wit, the thing upon which I've set my mind. That which I determine to do, I do, sir: and the thing I determine to have, why, sooner or later, by hook or by crook, fair means or foul, I have it! I am not one to be crossed or defied with impunity."

"I do not take your meaning, my lord," said the Governor, puzzled, but courteous. "There are none here who would care to thwart, in any honorable enterprise, a nobleman so high in the King's favor. I trust that my Lord Carnal will make my poor house his own during his stay in Virginia. What's the matter, my lord?"

My lord's face was dark red, his black eyes afire, his mustaches working up and down. His white teeth had closed with a click on the loud oath which had interrupted the Governor's speech. Honest Sir George and his circle stared at this unaccountable guest in amazement not unmixed with dismay. As for myself, I knew before he spoke what had caused the oath and the fierce triumph in his handsome face. Master Jeremy Sparrow had moved a little to one side, thus exposing to view that which his great body had before screened from observation,—namely, Mrs. Jocelyn Percy.

In a moment the favorite was before her, hat in hand, bowing to the ground.

"My quest hath ended where I feared it had but begun!" he cried, flushed and ex ultant. "I have found my Manoa sooner than I thought for. Have you no welcome for me, lady?"

She withdrew her arm from mine and curtsied to him profoundly; then stood erect, indignant and defiant, her eyes angry stars, her cheeks carnation, scorn on her smiling lips.

"I cannot welcome you as you should be welcomed, my lord," she said in a clear voice. "I have but my bare hands. Manoa, my lord, lies far to the southward. This land is quite out of your course, and you will find here but your travail for your pains. My lord, permit me to present to you my husband, Captain Ralph Percy. I think that you know his cousin, my Lord of Northumberland."

The red left the favorite's cheeks, and he moved as though a blow had been dealt him by some invisible hand. Recovering himself he bowed to me, and I to him, which done we looked each other in the eyes long enough for each to see the thrown gauntlet.

"I raise it," I said.

"And I raise it," he answered.

"A l'outrance, I think, sir," I continued.

"A l'outrance," he assented.

"And between us two alone," I suggested.

His answering smile was not good to see, nor was the tone in which he spoke to the Governor good to hear. * * * * *

"It is now some weeks, sir," he said, "since there disappeared from court a jewel, a diamond of the most inestimable worth. It in some sort belonged to the King, and his Majesty, in the goodness of his heart, had promised it to a certain one,—nay, had sworn by his kingdom that it should be his. Well, sir, that man put forth his hand to claim his own—when lo! the jewel vanished! Where it went no man could tell. There was, as you may believe, a mighty running up and down and looking into dark corners, all for naught,—it was clean gone. But the

man to whom that bright gem had been promised was not one easily hoodwinked or baffled. He swore to trace it, follow it, find it, wear it."

His bold eyes left the Governor, to rest upon the woman beside me; had he pointed to her with his hand, he could not have more surely drawn upon her the regard of that motley throng. By degrees the crowd had fallen back, leaving us three — the King's minion, the masquerading lady, and myself—the center of a ring of staring faces; but now she became the sole target at which all eyes were directed. * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Where do you suppose that jewel went, Sir Governor," said the favorite,—"That jewel which was overnice to shine at court, which set up its will against the King's, which would have none of that one to whom it had been given?"

"I am a plain man, my lord," replied the Governor bluntly. "And if it please you, give me plain words."

My lord laughed, his eyes traveling round the ring of greedily intent faces. "So be it, sir," he assented.

"May I ask who is this lady?"

"She came in the Bonaventure," answered the Governor. "She was one of the treasurer's poor maids."

"With whom I trod a measure at court not long ago," said the favorite. "I had to wait for the honor until the prince had been gratified."

The Governor's round eyes grew rounder. Young Hamor, a tiptoe behind him, drew a long, low whistle.

"In so small a community," went on my lord, "sure you must all know one another. There can be no masks worn, no false colors displayed. Everything must be open as daylight. But we all have a past as well as a present. Now, for instance"—

I interrupted him. "In Virginia, my lord, we live in the present. At present, my lord, I like not the color of your lordship's cloak."

He stared at me, with his black brows drawn together. "It

is not of your choosing nor for your wearing, sir," he rejoined haughtily.

"And I like not such a fire-new, bejeweled scabbard. Mine, you see, is out at heel."

"I see," he said dryly.

"The pinking of your doublet suits me not, either," I declared. "I could make it more to my liking," and I touched his Genoa three-pile with the point of my rapier.

A loud murmur arose from the crowd, and the Governor started forward, crying out, "Captain Percy! Are you mad?"

"I was never saner in my life, sir," I answered. "French fashions like me not,—that is all,—nor Englishmen that wear them. To my thinking such are scarcely true born."

That thrust went home.

A gasp of admiration went up from the crowd. My lord's rapier was out, the hand that held it shaking with passion. I had my blade in my hand, but the point was upon the ground. "I'll lesson you, you manman!" he said thickly. Suddenly, without any warning, he thrust at me; had he been less blind with rage, the long score which each was to run up against the other might have ended where it began. I swerved, and the next instant with my own point sent his rapier whirling. It fell at the Governor's feet.

"Your lordship may pick it up," I remarked. "Your grasp is as firm as your honor, my lord."

He glared at me, foam upon his lips. Men were between us now,—the Governor, Francis West, Master Pory, Hamor, Waynne,—and a babel of excited voices arose. The diversion I had aimed to make had been made with a vengeance. West had me by the arm. "What is all this coil about, Ralph Percy? If you hurt hair of his head, you are lost!"

The favorite broke from the Governor's detaining hand and conciliatory speech.

"You'll fight, sir?" he cried hoarsely.

"You know that I need not now, my lord," I answered.

He stamped upon the ground with rage and shame; not true shame for that foul thrust, but shame for the sword upon the grass, for that which could be read in men's eyes, strive to hide it as they might, for the open scorn upon one face. Then, during the minute or more in which we faced each other in silence, he exerted to some effect that will of which he had boasted. The scarlet faded from his face, his frame steadied, and he forced a smile. Also he called to his aid a certain soldierly, honest-seeming frankness of speech and manner which he could assume at will.

"Your Virginian sunshine dazzleth the eyes, sir," he said. "Of a verity it made me think you on guard. Forgive me my mistake."

I bowed. "Your lordship will find me at your service. I lodge at the minister's house. * * * * * * * * * * * I am going there now with my wife, who hath ridden a score of miles this morning and is weary. We give you good-day, my lord."

I bowed to him again and to the Governor, then gave my hand to Mistress Percy. The crowd opening before us, we passed through it, then turned and descended to the green lane and the deserted houses.

General Wolf at Quebec.

From "The Seats of the Mighty"—Sir Gilbert Parker.

[By special permission of the author.]

The great night came, starlit and serene. The campfires of the two armies spotten the shores of the wide river, and the ships lay

like wild fowl in convoys above the town from where the arrow of fate should be sped. Darkness upon the river, and fireflies upon the shore. At Beauport, an untiring General, who for a hundred days had snatched sleep, booted and spurred, and in the ebb of a losing game, longed for his adored Candiac, grieved for a beloved daughter's death, sent cheerful messages to his aged mother and to his wife, and by the deeper protests of his love foreshadowed his own doom. At Cape Rouge, a dying commander, unperturbed and valiant, reached out a finger to trace the last movements in a desperate campaign of life that opened in Flanders at sixteen; of which the end began when he took from his bosom the portrait of his affianced wife, and said to his old schoolfellow, "Give this to her, Jervis, for we shall meet no more."

Then passing to the deck, silent and steady, no signs of pain upon his face, so had the calm come to him, as to Nature and this beleaguered city, before the whirlwind, he looked out upon the clustered groups of boats filled with the flower of his army, settled in a menacing tranquility. There lay the Light Infantry. Steady, indomitable, silent as cats, precise at mathematicians, he could trust them, as they loved his awkward, pain-twisted body and ugly red hair.

From boat to boat the General's eye passed, then shifted to the ships,—and lastly to where the army of Bougainville lay Then there came toward him an officer, who said quietly, "The tide has turned, sir." For reply the General made a swift motion towards the maintop shrouds, and almost instantly lanterns showed in them. In response, the crowded boats began to cast away, and, immediately descending, the General passed into his own boat, drew to the front, and drifted in the current ahead of his gallant men, the ships following after.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, silently steered, carried by the current. No paddle, no creaking oarlock, broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the General's, for, with Clark and twenty-

two other volunteers to the forlorn hope, I was to show the way up the heights, and we were near to his person for over two hours that night. No moon was shining, but I could see the General plainly; and once when our boats almost touched, he saw me, and said graciously, "If they get up, Mr. Moray, you are free to serve yourself."

My heart was full of love of country then, and I answered, "I hope, sir, to serve you till your flag is hoisted on the citadel."

He turned to a young midshipman beside him, and said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

"It is the most lasting passion," he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think it, that the passion he meant was the love of country. A moment afterwards I heard him recite to the officers about him, in a low clear tone, some verses by Mr. Gray, the poet. Under those frowning heights, and the smell from our roaring distant thirty-two pounders in the air, I heard him say:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

I have heard finer voices than his, but something in it pierced me that night, and I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he said:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer, who said in French that we were provision-boats from Montcalm: these, we knew, had been expected! Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we

passed with the same excuse, rounded a headland, and the great work was begun. The boats of the Light Infantry swung into shore. * * * * * *

I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed against us, waving his sword, a truly gallant figure. He was answered by a roar of applause and greeting. * * * * * *

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city and the heights of Charlesbourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind the slow-traveling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over unreaped cornfields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance for the last time. I believed that this day would see the last of the strife between England and France for dominion here.

The public stake was worthy of our army—worthy of the dauntless soldier who had begged his physicians to patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vauderuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns came down upon us briskly, making a wild rattle; two columns moved upon our right and one upon our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched. Then came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that damnable fire. Minute after minute passed; then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there inactive, a long palisade of red.

At last I saw our General raise his sword, a command rang down the long line of battle, and, like one terrible cannon-shot, our muskets sang together with as perfect a precision as on a private field of exercise.

Thus checked, confounded, the French army trembled and fell back. Then I heard the order to charge, and from nearly four thousand throats there came for the first time our exultant British cheer, and high over all rang the slogan of Fraser's Highlanders. To my left I saw the flashing broadswords of the clansmen ahead of all the rest. Those sickles of death clove through and broke the battalions of La Sarre, and Lascelles scattered the soldiers of Languedoc into flying columns. We on the right, led by Wolfe, charged the desperate and valiant men of Roussillon and Guienne and the impetuous sharpshooters of the militia. As we came on I observed the General sway and push forward again, and then I lost sight of him. * * * * *

When I turned, Clark stood alone beside me. I looked towards the town, and saw the French army hustling into the St. Louis gate; saw the Highlanders charging the bushes at the Cote Ste. Genevieve, where the brave Canadians made their last stand; saw, not fifty feet away, the noblest soldier of our time, even General Wolfe, dead in the arms of a volunteer in the Twenty-second.

The bells of some shattered churches were calling to vespers, the sun was sinking behind the flaming autumn woods, as once more I entered the St. Louis gate, and on the citadel, I saw our flag replace the golden lilies of France.

Zenobia.

From "Blithendale Romance"—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

[Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Zenobia, a beautiful and intellectual woman, joined the little band of New Englanders who set out to realize Wordsworth's dream of plain living and high thinking.

Hollingsworth, an erratic reformer, was of this little community, and Zenobia and Priscilla, her half sister, were attracted hy his strong personality. At first, he is attracted to Zenobia, but, afterward, discovering that she had a gloomy past history, and also that she had lost her claims to fortune, he cast her aside and declared his intention to marry Priscilla. Zenobia sinks under this blow to her pride and love, and one night after a final interview with her former lover, she sees Miles Coverdale, also of this community. In her conversation with Coverdale she sends a strange and suggestive message to Hollingsworth, and vaguely hints at some tragic end to her existence.

Late that night C overdale, who tells the story, found footprints on the bank of the stream and near the water's edge a handkerchief bearing the name of Zenobia. He is alarmed and at once seeks his friend Hollingsworth.

It could not have been far from midnight when I came beneath Hollingsworth's window, and, finding it open, flung in a tuft of grass with earth at the roots, and heard it fall upon the floor. He was either awake or sleeping very lightly; for scarcely a moment had gone by, before he looked out, and discerned me standing in the moonlight.

"Is it you, Coverdale?" he asked. "What is the matter?" "Come down to me, Hollingsworth!" I answered. "I am anxious to speak with you."

The strange tone of my voice startled me, and him, probably no less. He lost no time, and soon issued from the house-door, with his dress half arranged.

"Again, what is the matter?" he asked, impatiently.

"Have you seen Zenobia," said I, "since you parted from her, at Eliot's pulpit?"

"No," answered Hollingsworth; "nor did I expect it."

His voice was deep, but had a tremor in it. Hardly had he spoken, when Silas Foster thrust his head, done up in a cotton handkerchief, out of another window, and took what he called—as it literally was—a squint at us.

"Well, folks, what are ye about here?" he demanded.

"Aha! are you there, Miles Coverdale? You have been turning night into day, since you left us, I reckon; and so you find it quite natural to come prowling about the house at this time o'night, frightening my old woman out of her wits, and making her disturb a tired man out of his best nap. In with you, you vagabond, and to bed!"

"Dress yourself quietly, Foster," said I. "We want your assistance."

I could not for the life of me keep that strange tone out of my voice. Silas Foster, obtuse as were his sensibilities, seemed to feel the ghastly earnestness that was conveyed in it as well as Hollingsworth did. He immediately withdrew his head, and I heard him yawning, muttering to his wife and again yawning heavily, while he hurried on his clothes. Meanwhile, I showed Hollingsworth a delicate handkerchief, marked with a well-known cipher, and told where I had found it, and other circumstances, which had filled me with a suspicion so terrible that I left him if he dared, to shape it out for himself. By the time my brief explanation was finished, we were joined by Silas Foster, in his blue woolen frock.

"Well, boys," cried he, peevishly, "what is to pay now?"

"Tell him, Hollingsworth," said I.

Hollingsworth shivered, perceptibly, and drew in a hard breath betwixt his teeth. He steadied himself, however, and, looking the matter more firmly in the fact than I had done, explained to Foster my suspicions and the grounds of them, with a distinctness from which in spite of my utmost efforts, my words had swerved aside. The tough-nerved yeoman, in his comment, put a finish on the business, and brought out the hideous idea in its full terror, as if he were removing the napkin from the face of a corpse.

"And so you think she's drowned herself?" he cried.

I turned my face away.

"What on earth should the young woman do that for?" exclaimed Silas, his eyes half out of his head with mere surprise. "Why, she has more means than she can use or waste, and lacks nothing to make her comfortable, but a husband, and that's an article she could have, any day. There's some mistake about this, I tell you!"

"Come," said I, shuddering; "let us go and ascertain the truth."

"Well, well," answered Silas Foster; "just as you say."

When our few preparations were completed, we hastened, by a shorter than the customary route, through fields and pastures and across a portion of the meadow, to the particular spot on the river bank which I had paused to contemplate in the course of my afternoon's ramble. I showed my companions where I had found the handkerchief, and pointed to two or three footsteps, impressed into the clayey margin, and tending towards the water.

Not far from this spot lay an old, leaky punt, drawn up on the oozy river-side, and generally half full of water. It served the angler to go in quest of pickerel, or the sportsman to pick up his wild ducks. Setting this crazy bark afloat, I seated myself in the stern with the paddle, while Hollingsworth sat in the bow with a hooked pole and Silas Foster amidships with a hay-rake.

The moon, that night, though past the full, was still large and oval, and having risen between eight and nine o'clock, now shown aslantwise over the river, throwing the high, opposite bank, with its woods, into deep shadow, but lighting up the hither shore pretty effectually. Not a ray appeared to fall upon the river itself. It lapsed imperceptibly away, a broad, black, inscrutable depth, keeping its own secrets from the eye of man as impenetrably as midocean could.

"Well, Miles Coverdale," said Foster, "you are the helmsman. How do you mean to manage this business?"

"I shall let the boat drift, broadside foremost, past that stump," I replied. "I know the bottom, having sounded it in

fishing. The shore, on this side, after the first step or two, goes off very abruptly; and there is a pool, just by the stump, twelve or fifteen feet deep. The current could not have force enough to sweep any sunken object, even if partially bouyant, out of that hollow."

"Come, then," said Silas; "but I doubt whether I can touch bottom with this hay-rake, if it's as deep as you say."

We floated past the stump. Silas Foster plied his rake manfully, poking it as far as he could into the water, and immersing the whole length of his arm besides. Hollingsworth at first sat motionless, with the hooked pole elevated in the air. But, by and by, with a nervous and jerky movement, he began to plunge it into the blackness, setting his teeth, and making precisely such thrusts, methought, as if he were stabbing at a deadly enemy. I bent over the side of the boat. So obscure, however, so awfully mysterious, was that dark stream, that—and the thought made me shiver like a leaf—I might as well have tried to look into the enigma of the eternal world, to discover what had become of Zenobia's soul, as into the river's depths, to find her body. And there, perhaps, she lay, with her face upward, while the shadow of the boat, and my own face peering downward, passed slowly betwixt her and the sky. Once, twice, thrice, I paddled the boat up the stream, and again suffered it to glide, with the river's slow, funeral motion, downward. Silas Foster had raked up a large mass of stuff, which, as it came toward the surface, looked somewhat like a flowing garment, but proved to be a monstrous tuft of water-weeds.

"Slow work, this," said Silas, "shaw! what a notion that is. For my part, I shouldn't wonder if the creature had only lost her kerchief in the mud and saved her soul alive, after all. My stars! How she will laugh at us to-morrow morning!"

It is indescribable what an image of Zenobia—at the breakfast table, full of warm and mirthful laughter and life—this surmise of Silas Foster's brought before my mind. The terrible

phantasm of her death was thrown by it into the remotest and dimmest back-ground, where it seemed to grow as improbable as a myth.

"Yes, Silas, it may be as you say," cried I.

The drift of the stream had again borne us a little below the stump, when I felt,—yes, felt, for it was as if the iron hook had smote my breast,—felt Hollingsworth's pole strike some object at the bottom of the river! He started up, and almost overset the boat.

"Hold on!" cried Foster; "you have her!"

Putting a fury of strength into the effort, Hollingsworth heaved amain, and up came a white swash to the surface of the river. It was the flow of a woman's garments. A little higher, and we saw her dark hair streaming down the current. Black river of death, thou hast yielded up thy victim! Zenobia was found; Silas Foster laid hold of the body; Hollingsworth likewise, grappled it; and I steered towards the bank, gazing all the while at Zenobia, whose limbs were swaying in the current close at the boat's side. Arriving near the shore, we all three stept into the water, bore her out, and laid her on the ground beneath a tree.

"Poor child!" said Foster,—and his dry old heart, I verily believe, vouchsafed a tear,—"I'm sorry for her!"

Were I to describe the perfect horror of the spectacle, one might justly reckon it to me for a sin and a shame. For more than twelve long years I have borne it in my memory, and could now reproduce it as freshly as if it were still before my eyes. Of all the modes of death, methinks it is the uglest.

"Nicholas Nickleby"—Charles Dickens.

The cold, feeble, dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping room, when Nicholas,

raising himself on his arm, looked among the prostrate forms in search of the boy, Smike. While he was occupied in this search, the voice of Squeers was heard calling from the bottom of the stairs.

"Now then, are you going to sleep all day up there?"

"We shall be down directly, sir."

"Down directly! you had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less time than directly. Where's that Smike?"

"He is not here, sir."

"Don't tell me a lie. He is."

"He is not; don't tell me one."

Mr. Squeers bounced into the dormitory, swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, but the cane descended harmlessly. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean? Where have you hid him?"

"I have seen nothing of him since last night."

"Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?"

"At the bottom of the nearest pond for aught I know."

"What do you mean by that?" Without waiting for a reply, Squeers inquired of the boys whether anyone among them knew anything of their missing schoolmate.

There was a general hum of denial, in the midst of which, one shrill voice was heard to say (as, indeed, everybody thought):

"Please, sir, I think Smikes run away, sir."

"Ha!" cried Squeers. "Whot said that?" He made a plunge into the crowd, and caught a very little boy, the perplexed expression of whose countenance as he was brought forward, seemed to intimate that he was as yet uncertain whether he was about to be punished or rewarded for the suggestion. He was not long in doubt.

"You think he has run away, do you, sir?" demanded Squeers.

"Yes, please sir," replied the little boy.

"And what reason have you to suppose that any boy would want to run away from this establishment?"

The child raised a dismal cry, by way of answer, and Mr. Squeers beat him until he rolled out of his hands, when he mercifully allowed him to roll away.

"There! now, if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I should be glad to have a talk with him."

There was a profound silence.

"Well, Nickleby, you think he has run away, I suppose?"

"I think it extremely likely."

"Oh, you do, do you? Maybe you know he has?"

"I know nothing of the kind."

"He didn't tell you he was going, I suppose, did he?"

"He did not. I am very glad he did not, for it would then have been my duty to have warned you."

"Which, no doubt, you would have been sorry to do."

"I should indeed," replied Nicholas. "You interpret my feelings with great accuracy."

Mrs. Squeers had listened to this conversation from the bottom of the stairs; but now losing all patience, she hastily made her way to the scene of action.

"What's all this here to do? What on earth are you talking to him for, Squeery?"

"The cow house and the stable are locked up, so he can't be there; and he's not down stairs anywhere, for the girl has looked. He must have gone York way, and by a public road too. He must beg his way, and he could do that nowhere but on the public road. Now, if you take the chaise and go one road, and I borrow Swallow's chaise and go the other, what with keeping our eyes open and asking questions, one or the other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him."

The worthy lady's plan was adopted and put in execution without a moment's delay.

Nicholas remained behind in a tumult of feeling. Death,

from want and exposure to the weather, was the best that could be expected from the protracted wanderings of so poor and helpless a creature, alone and unfriended, through a country of which he was wholly ignorant.

There was little, perhaps, to choose between this fate and a return to the tender mercies of the Yorkshire School. He lingered on, in restless anxiety, picturing a thousand possibilities, until the evening of the next day, when Squeers returned, alone, and unsuccessful.

"No news of the scamp!"

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped. The voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard.

Nicholas hardly dared to look out of the window; but he did so, and the very first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike, bedabbled with mud and rain, haggard, and worn, and wild.

"Lift him out," said Squeers. "Bring him in; bring him in!"

"Take care," cried Mrs. Squeers. "We tied his legs under the apron, and made 'em fast to the chaise, to prevent his giving us the slip again." With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosed the cord; and Smike, to all appearance more dead than alive, was brought into the house and securely locked up in a cellar, until such time as Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him.

The news that Smike had been caught and brought back in triumph, ran like wild fire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it remained until afternoon; when Squeers having refreshed himself with his dinner, and an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner) with a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new.

"Is every boy here?"

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so,

Squeers glared along the line to assure himself.

"Each boy keep his place. Nickleby! to your desk, sir."

There was a very curious and unusual expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat, without opening lips in reply.

Squeers, casting a triumphant glance at his assistant, left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smike by the collar—or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar would have been.

"Have you anything to say?" demanded Squeers. "Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, sir!"

"Oh! that's all, is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

One desperate cut had fallen on him, when Nicholas Nicleby suddenly starting up, cried "Stop!"

"Who cried stop?"

"I," said Nicholas. "This must not go on."

"Must not go on!"

"No!" thundered Nicholas. "I say must not, shall not. I will prevent it. You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad's behalf," said Nicholas; "you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I."

"Sit down, beggar!"

"Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for I will not spare you if you drive me on!"

"Stand back!" cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

"I have a long series of insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practiced in this foul den.

Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head!"

Squeers, with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the fact. Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and beat the ruffian 'till he roared for mercy, and then flung Squeers from him with all the force he could muster. The violence of the fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form; and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and ascertained that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas marched boldly out by the front door, and struck into the road.

Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys hall had never echoed before, and were destined never to respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the crowd of boys, which had peopled it but five minutes before, not one remained.

The Society of Inquiry.

From "Arthur Bonnicastle"—J. G. Holland.

[By permission of Scribner's Sons, Publishers.]

One day I took the opportunity to inquire whether any sins of the boys in Mr. Bird's school were punishable by "flailing."

"Yes," replied Jack, "big lying and tobacco. Old Bird—Mr. Bird, I mean—don't stand the weakest sort of a cigar; and look

here, Arthur Bonnicastle" (suddenly turning to me), "you're a little blower, and you'd better hold up. If you don't you'll find out whether there's any flailing done here."

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered the school that, on a rainy holiday, as I was walking through one of the halls alone, I was met by two boys who ordered me peremptorily to "halt." Both had staves in their hands, taller than themselves, and one of them addressed me with the words: "Arthur Bonnicastle, you are arrested in the name of the High Society of Inquiry, and ordered to appear before that august tribunal, to answer for your sins and misdemeanors. Right about face!"

The movement had so much the air of mystery and romance that I was about equally pleased and scared. Marching between the two officials I was led directly to my own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent. I looked from one to another, puzzled beyond expression, though I am sure I preserved an unruffled manner, and a confident and even smiling face. Indeed, I supposed it to be some sort of a lark, entered upon for passing away the time while confined to the house.

"We have secured the offender," said one of my captors, "and now have the satisfaction of presenting him before this honorable Society."

"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me," said the presiding officer, in a tone of dignified severity.

I was accordingly marched into the middle of the room, and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.

"Arthur Bonnicastle," said the officer before mentioned, "you are brought before the High Society of Inquiry on the charge of telling so many lies that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty. Who says I am?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Henry Hulm, advance!" said the officer.

Henry rose, and, walking by me, took a position near the officer, at the head of the room.

"Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the Society whether you know him."

"I know him very well. He is my chum," replied Henry.

"What is his general character?"

"He is bright and very amiable."

"Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?"

" I do not."

"Has he deceived you?" inquired the officer. "If he has, please to state the occasion and circumstances."

"No, your honor. He has never deceived me. I always know when he lies and when he speaks the truth."

"Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?"

"I have," replied Henry, "many times."

"Has he shown any disposition to mend?"

"None at all, your honor."

"What is the character of his falsehood?"

"He tells," replied Henry, "stunning stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds."

I now began with great shame and confusion to realize that I was to be exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse either to cry or attempt to fly.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" said the officer.

"I will," responded Henry, "but I can do it best by asking him questions."

"Very well," said the officer, with a polite bow. "Pursue the course you think best."

"Arthur," said Henry, addressing me directly, "did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on the way to this school, your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road, and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent that tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her winter hat?"

"Yes, I did," I responded, with my face flaming and painful with shame.

"And did your said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road, and cut off said tail; and did you send home said tail to said sister to be worn in said hat?" inquired the judge, with a low, grum voice. "The prisoner will answer so that all can hear."

"No," I replied, and, looking for some justification of my story, I added: "but I did see a black fox—a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" ran around the room in chorus. "He did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you or did you not tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, and you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear and tossed it over the fence and broke its leg?"

"I s'pose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence and break said leg?" inquired the officer.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," I replied doggedly, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" chimed the chorus. "He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf!"

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries."

"Arthur, did you not tell me," Henry went on, "that you

have an old friend who is soon to go to sea, and that he has promised to bring you a male and female monkey, a male and female bird of paradise, a barrel of pineapples, and a Shetland pony?"

"It doesn't seem as if I told you exactly that," I replied.

"Did you or did you not tell him so?" said the officer, severely.

"Perhaps I did," I responded.

"And did said friend, who is soon to go to said sea, really promise to bring you said monkeys, said birds of paradise, said pineapples, and said pony?"

"No, I replied, "but I really have an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring me anything I ask him to."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" swept round the room again. "He really has an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring him anything he asks him to."

"Hulm, proceed with your inquiries," said the officer.

"Did you or did you not," said Henry, turning to me again, 'tell me that one day, when dining at your aunt's, you saw a magic portrait of a boy upon the wall, that came and went, and came and went like a shadow of a ghost?"

At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed toward the door, upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of the interruption. There, in the doorway towering above us all, and looking questionally down upon the little assembly, stood Mr. Bird.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand. The officer who had presided, being the largest boy, explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and that they were about to order him to report to the master for confession and correction.

Then Mr. Bird took a chair and patiently heard the whole story. Without a reproach, further than saying that he thought me much too young for experiments of the kind they had instituted in the case, he explained to them and to me the nature of my misdemeanors.

"The boy has a great deal of imagination," he said, "and a strong love of approbation. Somebody has flattered his power of invention, probably, and, to secure admiration, he has exercised it until he has acquired the habit of exaggeration. I doubt whether the lad has done much that was consciously wrong. It is more a fault of constitution and character than a sin of the will; and now that he sees that he does not win admiration by telling that which is not true, he will become truthful. I am glad if he has learned, even by the severe means which have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have told you about the lad, and instituted a better mode of dealing with him. He has been through some sudden changes of late that have had the natural tendency to exaggerate his fault. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?" And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

"I don't think I shall do it any more," I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me down-stairs into his own room, and charged me with kindly counsel. I went out from the interview humbled and without a revengeful thought in my heart toward the boys who had brought me to my trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.

An Experience in Matrimony.

Thomas Dixon, Jr.

[By permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co.]

Nelse, a faithful servant in the Gaston family, was informed by the agent of the Freedman's Bureau, when summoned before that tribunal, that he must pay a fee of one dollar for a marriage license and be married over again.

"Wat's dat? Dis yer war bust up me an Eve's marryin'?"

"Yes, you must be legally married."

"Den I see yer ergin 'bout dat."

All the way homeward Nelse chuckled to himself.

"But, won' I fetch dat nigger Eve down a peg or two! I gwine ter make her t'ink I won' marry her nohow. I make her ax my pardon fur all dem little disergreements. She got ter talk mighty putty now sho 'nuff!"

When he reached his cabin-door at four o'clock that afternoon he bowed low.

"Good evenin', Miss Eve!"

"What de matter wid you, nigger?"

"Nuttin' tall. Des drapped in lak ter pass de time er day, en ax how's you an' yer little son stan'in dis hot wedder!"

"What ail you, man?"

"Nuttin' tall, Ma'm, des callin' roun' ter see my frien's," Eve put down her sewing.

"You wants me to whale you over de head wid dis yer poker?"

"Not dis evenin', M'm."

"Den what does ail you?"

"De Boss de's inform me, dat es I'se er young an han'some man en you'se er gettin' kinder ole an' fat, dat we ain't married nohow. En dey gimme er paper fur er dollar dat allow me ter marry de young lady er my choice. Dat sho is er great Buro!"

"We ain't married?"

"Nob-um."

"Atter we stan' up dar befo' Marse John Durham en say des what all dem white folks say?"

"Nob-um."

Eve gazed down the road thoughtfully.

"I t'ink I drap aroun' ter see you en give you er chance wid de odder gals fo' I steps off," explained Nelse with a grin.

No answer.

"I'se er bad nigger, M'am—bad nigger fo' de war. En I'se gettin' wuss and wuss."

She looked at him with gathering rage.

"I doan lak de way you talks ter me sometimes: I lak ter hear er 'oman's voice lak my Missy's, des es sof' es wool. De way you talk sometimes make me cole in de summer time. I des call M'am ter drap er little intment inter dem years er yourn, dat'll percelate froo you min', en when I calls ergin I hopes ter be welcome wid smiles," and Nelse bowed himself out.

It was half past eight o'clock that night when Nelse arrived at home with the license duly issued and the officer ready to perform the ceremony.

The door was shut and fastened. Nelse knocked, but got no response. He knocked again loudly. Eve thrust her hand out the window.

"Who's dat?"

"Hit's me, M'am, Mister Nelson Gaston. I'se call ter see you."

"Den you hump yo'self and git away from dat do'."

"De Lawd, honey, I'se des been er foolin' you ter day. I'se got dem licenses an' de Buro man right heah now ready ter marry us. You know you ole man nebber gwine back on you—I des been er foolin'."

"Den you been er foolin wid de wrong nigger!"

"Lawd honey, doan keep de bridegroom waitin'."

"Git away from dat do'!"

"G'long chile, en quit yer projeckin'."

"Git away, I tells you, er I scald you wid er kittle er hot water!"

Nelse drew back.

"But, honey, whar yo ole man gwine ter sleep?"

"Dey's straw in de barn, en pine shatters in de dog-house!"

"Eve, honey"—

"Doan you come honeyin' me. I'se er spec'able 'oman, I is. Ef you wants to marry me you got to come cotin' me in de day time fust, en bring me candy en ribbons en flowers, en sich, en you got ter talk purtier'n you ebber talk in all yo born days. Lots er likely lookin' niggers come settin' up ter me while you gone in dat

wah, en I kep studyin' 'bout you, you black rascal. Now you got ter hump yo'se'f if you eber see de inside of dis cabin ergin."

Crestfallen Nelse returned to the officer.

"Well sah, deys er kinder hitch in de perceedins."

"What's the matter?"

"She 'low I got ter come cotin' her fust. En I spec I is."

The officer laughed and returned to his home. She made Nelse sleep in the barn for three weeks, court her an hour every day, and bring her five cents' worth of red stick candy and a boquet of flowers as a peace offering at every visit. After three weeks of humility and attention to her wishes, she gave her consent, and they were duly married again.

The Prince in the Halls of Gayety.

From "Rassellas"—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Rasselas rose next day, and resolved to begin his experiments upon life. "Youth," cried he, "is the time of gladness; I will join myself to the young men, whose only business is to gratify their desires, and whose time is spent in a succession of enjoyments."

To such societies he was readily admitted; but a few days brought him back weary and disgusted. Their mirth was without images! their laughter without motive; their pleasures were gross and sensual, in which the mind had no part; their conduct was at once wild and mean; they laughed at order and at law, but the frown of power dejected, and the eye of wisdom abashed them.

The prince soon concluded that he should never be happy in a course of life of which he was ashamed. He thought it unsuit-

able to a reasonable being to act without a plan, and to be sad or cheerful only by chance. "Happiness," said he, "must be something solid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty."

But his young companions had gained so much of his regard by their frankness and courtesy, that he could not leave them without a warning and remonstrance. "My friends," said he, "I have seriously considered our manners and prospects and find that we have mistaken our own interest. The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in maturer age, when enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore, stop, while to stop is within our power. Let us live as men who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of evils to count their past follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced."

They stared a while in silence one upon the other, and at last drove him away by a general course of continued laughter.

The consciousness that his sentiments were just and his intentions kind, was scarcely sufficient to support him against the horror of derision. But he recovered his tranquility, and pursued his search.

A Discourse With an Old Man.

Erom "Rasselas"—Samuel Johnson.

The evening was far past, and the prince and princess rose

to return home. As they walked along the bank of the Nile, delighted with the beams of the moon quivering on the water, they saw at a small distance an old man, whom the prince had often heard in the assembly of the sages. "Yonder," said he, "is one whose years have calmed his passions, but not clouded his reason; let us close the disquisitions of the night by inquiring what are his sentiments of his own state, that we may know whether youth alone is to struggle with vexation, and whether any better hope remains for the latter part of life."

Here the sage approached and saluted them. They invited him to join their walk, and prattled a while, as acquaintances that had unexpectedly met one another. The old man was cheerful and talkative, and the way seemed short in his company. He was pleased to find himself not disregarded, accompanied them to their house, and at the prince's request entered with them. They placed him in the seat of honor, and set wine and conserves before him.

"Sir," said the princess, "an evening walk must give to a man of learning, like you, pleasures which ignorance and youth can hardly conceive. You know the qualities and causes of all that you behold, the laws by which the river flows, the periods in which the planets perform their revolutions. Everything must supply you with contemplation, and renew the consciousness of your own dignity."

"Lady," answered he, "let the gay and vigorous expect pleasure in their excursions; it is enough that age can obtain ease. To me the world has lost its novelty; I look round, and see what I remember to have seen in happier days. I rest against a tree and consider, that in the same shade I once disputed upon the annual overflow of the Nile, with a friend who is now silent in the grave. I cast my eyes upwards, fix them on the changing moon, and think with pain of the vicissitudes of life. I have ceased to take much delight in physical truth; for what have I to do with those things which I am soon to leave?"

"You may at least recreate yourself," said Inlac, "with recol-

lections of an honorable and useful life, and enjoy the praise which all agree to give you."

"Praise," said the sage with a sigh, "is to an old man an empty sound. I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honors of her husband. I have outlived my friends and my rivals. Nothing now is of much importance; for I cannot extend my interest beyond myself. Youth is delighted with applause, because it is considered as the earnest of some future good, and because the prospect of life is far extended; but to me, who am now declining to decrepitude, there is little to be feared from the malevolence of men, and yet less to be hoped from their affection or esteem. Something they may yet take away, but they can give me nothing. Riches would now be useless, and high employment would be pain. My retrospect of life recalls to my view many opportunities of good neglected, much time squandered upon trifles, and more lost in idleness and vacancy. I leave many great designs unattempted, and many great attempts unfinished. My mind is burdened with no heavy crime, and therefore I compose myself to tranquility; endeavor to abstract my thoughts from hopes and cares which, though reason knows them to be vain, still try to keep their old possession of the heart; expect with serene humility that hour which Nature cannot long delay; and hope to possess, in a better state, that happiness which here I could not find and that virtue which here I have not attained."

He rose and went away, leaving his audience not much elated with the hope of long life.

From a Far Country.

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The old couple were very lonely that winter afternoon, though each tried to hide the knowledge of it from the other.

It was their daughter's birthday, their only child who had left them to go to the big, glittering world on the other side of the water. There she had won fame with her voice, while they stayed behind in the little village shut in on every side by towering hills, and tried to be cheerful about her.

Usually they succeeded fairly well, at least outwardly, but this day, of all others in the year was the hardest to get through with. Even Christmas was not so dreary as this birthday which brought so keenly to their minds memories of other birthdays—as their treasure grew from babyhood to girlhood, and from a lovable girl to a lovely, graceful woman, when she had vanished from their sight.

They had not seen her since, for money had been scarce and her time valuable. She must work very hard, she wrote them—life seemed far too short for what she hoped to accomplish.

The old couple made a pretense of keeping up a conversation as they sat in the big kitchen that afternoon. The sky was gray and lowering. The first snow storm of the season was impending, and it promised to be heavy. Presently, after a long silence, during which each had fallen into a reverie of memories, the old man rose.

"Guess I'll git my chores done afore it storms, mother. It's coming on to snow fast."

"Alright, father, and I'll have supper ready for you when you come in."

"You needn't hurry supper; I thought I'd go to the post-office after I get the horses fed. There might be a letter from Milly."

"All right, father, mebbe there will."

The old man went out and the woman busied herself in the kitchen leisurely preparing supper. Twilight came and the woman lighted an old-fashioned glass lamp and began to set the table in the center of the room, at the same time humming a refrain of a lullaby, and as she sang, she sighed. Presently the door leading to the yard flew open, letting in great gusts of wintry air that very nearly extinguished the light.

"Hurry up and git the door shut, pa," the woman said; "wa'nt there no letter?" Her back was towards her husband as she spoke.

"No, but there's this." And then she turned and saw that he was carrying a wooden box almost too large for him to manage.

"When I went into the office and found there wa'nt no letter, I felt considerable disappinted, but when I was comin' by Jones' store, Jones came to the door and says: 'Say, Si, there's a box here for you!'

"For me?" says I.

"Yes," says he. "It come this afternoon by express, and I guess by the looks of it, it's from your daughter in furrin parts.'

"So here it is, and now mother, where's the hatchet?"

Mother brought the hatchet and stood by in silence while the box was opened.

"My, what a funny thing. Looks like a small sized sewin' machine; and here's a brass horn, too. I wonder if Milly sent that for a joke."

Silas set the curved case of polished wood on the table and soon had the cover off. The old couple gazed in puzzled astonishment.

"It does look like some kind of a machine. There's something else in the box. Mebbe I'll find some directions." He lifted out a smaller box inside of which were a number of what looked like rolls of cotton, and as he had prophesied, a paper of instructions..

"It's a p-ho-no-graph, and them things in there air records. Well, I know 'bout as much as I did 'afore, but it tells just what to do with it, so I'll follow the rules and see what happens. I wisht I knew what 'twas good for. It ain't no farm implement nor sewin' machine, nor a potato parer."

"Well, it must be good for something or Milly wouldn't have sent it."

"I can't think o' nothin' it's likely to be except an ear trum-

pet. But I see how it's put together, so we can soon find out what it is."

The faces of the old couple were full of interest as Silas touched the spring that set the phonograph in motion. They heard a peculiar buzzing, but nothing wonderful happened, and a look of disappointment was settling on both countenances, when out of the buzzing came the sound of a voice singing. Surprise, amazement, wonder succeeded each other in the two wrinkled faces as the first notes of "Home, Sweet Home" fell on their startled ears

"Mid pleasures and palaces, tho' we may roam,"—They listened breathlessly. Suddenly the woman exclaimed: "Silas, it's Milly singing."

"No, 'taint." But the denial died on his lips as he, too, recognized the familiar tones.

They did not speak again, but stood with clasped hands, their eager hearts drinking in the wealth of song that filled the bare old kitchen while the snow fell silently outside.

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere."

The words of these lines came with ringing force as tho' the singer felt the truth and so sang, not to the multitude that thronged each night to listen, but to the two faithful hearts over the sea whose lives were lonely because they could not hear her voice

As the mother and father listened, it seemed as if Milly, far away in Paris, stretched out her hands to them across the water.

The way she sang the old familiar tune, so simple and so grand, told them she had not forgotten them, and that in the midst of triumphs of success she longed sometimes to be with them again.

""An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain."

The mother's tears were falling fast.

"Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The old man's eyes were wet, too, but the tears the father

and mother were not tears of sorrow, for the sting had gone out of their loneliness, and as the music ceased, peace came and lay like a mantle over the little country home.

The Cemetery of the Chateau d'If.

From "The Count of Monte Christo"—Alexander Dumas.

Edmond Dantes, a young Frenchman, was accused of treason, and imprisoned in the Chateau d'If. After five years in this lonely dungeon, Dantes one night heard a strange sound in the hollow of the wall. He listened 'till convinced that it was the noise made by some inmate of a neighboring cell in an attempt to dig his way out. Inspired by this thought, Dantes dug his way through the wall, a distance of fifty feet to the cell of his neighbor. The man was the Abbe Faria, an old Italian sage, who years before had been thrown into this dungeon for political reasons and who was believed by the jailers and governor to be insane.

The two men, using this new made subterranean passage, known only to themselves, became almost constant companions. Then Faria fell ill and died. Dantes tried in every possible way to restore the Abbe to life, but it was in vain.

Half an hour, an hour, an hour and a half, elapsed, and during this time of anguish Edmond leaned over his friend, his hand applied to his heart, and felt the body gradually growing cold, and the heart's pulsation become more and more deep and dull, until at length all stopped; the last movement of the heart ceased, the face became livid, the eyes remained open, but the look was glazed. It was six o'clock in the morning, the dawn was

just breaking, and its weak ray came into the dungeon, and paled the ineffectual light of the lamp.

Dantes extinguished the lamp, carefully concealed it, and then went away, closing as well as he could, the entrance to the secret passage by the large stone as he descended.

It was time, for the jailer was coming. On this occasion he began his rounds at Dantes' cell, and on leaving him he went on to Faria's dungeon, where he was taking breakfast and some linen. Nothing betokened that the man knew anything of what had occurred. He went on his way.

Dantes was then seized with an indescribable desire to know what was going on in the dungeon of his unfortunate friend. He, therefore, returned by the subterranean gallery, and arrived in time to hear the exclamations of the turnkey, who called out for help. Others came, and then was heard the regular tramp of soldiers, and behind them came the governor.

Edmond heard the noise of the bed in which they were moving the corpse, heard the voice of the governor, who desired them to throw water on the face; and seeing that, in spite of this application, the prisoner did not recover, sent for the doctor. The governor then went out, and some words of pity fell on Dantes' listening ears, mingled with brutal laughter.

At the end of an hour, he heard a faint noise, which increased. It was the governor who returned, followed by the doctor and other attendants. There was a moment's silence—it was evident that the doctor was examining the dead body. The inquiries soon commenced.

The doctor analyzed the symptoms of the malady under which the prisoner had sunk, and declared he was dead.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I hope, Governor, that you will show him all proper respect."

"Yes, yes, make your mind easy; he shall be decently interred in the newest sack we can find. Will that satisfy you?"

"Must we do this last formality in your presence, sir?" inquired a turnkey.

Certainly. But make haste—I cannot stay here all day." Fresh footsteps, going and coming, were now heard, and when the task was ended the governor said,

"This evening."

"At what o'clock?" inquired a turnkey.

"Why, about ten or eleven o'clock."

Then the steps vibrated, and the voices died away in the distance; the noise of the door with its creaking hinges and bolts ceased, and a silence, duller than any solitude, ensued—the silence of death, which pervaded all, and struck its icy chill through the young man's whole frame. Then he raised the flagstone cautiously with his head, and looked carefully round the chamber. It was empty; and Dantes, quitting the passage, entered it.

On the bed, at full length, and faintly lighted by the pale ray that penetrated the window, was a sack of coarse cloth, under the large folds of which was stretched a long and stiffened form; it was Faria's last winding sheet. Dantes seated himself on the edge of that bed, and fell into a melancholy and gloomy reverie. Alone!—he was alone again!—again relapsed into silence!

Suddenly he rose, lifted his hand to his brow as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice around his chamber, and then paused abruptly at the bed.

"Ah! ah!" he muttered, "who inspires me with this thought? Is it thou, gracious God? Since none but the dead pass freely from this dungeon, let me assume the place of the dead!" Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, and, indeed, that he might not allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling sack, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and transported it along the gallery to his own chamber, laid it on his couch, passed around its head the rag he wore at night round his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-cold brow, and tried vainly to close the

resisting eyes, which glared horribly; turned the head toward the wall, so that the jailer might when he brought his evening meal, believe that he was asleep, as was his frequent custom; returned along the gallery, threw the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, took from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags, that they might feel naked flesh only beneath the coarse sackcloth, and getting inside the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack inside.

The beating of his heart might have been heard, if by any mischance the jailers had entered at that moment. Dantes might have waited until the evening visit was over, but he was afraid the governor might change his resolution and order the dead body to be removed earlier. In that case his last hope would have been destroyed. Now his project was settled under any circumstances, and he hoped thus to carry it into effect. If during the time he was being conveyed the grave-diggers should discover that they were conveying a live instead of a dead body, Dantes did not intend to give them time to recognize him, but with a sudden cut of the knife he meant to open the sack from top to bottom, and, profiting by their alarm, escape; if they tried to catch him, he would use his knife.

If they conducted him to the cemetery and laid him in the grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth, and then, as it was night, the grave-diggers could scarcely have turned their backs ere he would have worked his way through the soft soil and escape, hoping that the weight would not be too heavy for him to support. If he was deceived in this, and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled and then so much the better, all would be over.

When seven o'clock came Dante's agony really commenced. His hand placed upon his heart was unable to repress its throbbings, whilst, with the other, he wiped the perspiration from his temples. From time to time shudderings ran through his whole frame.

He thought he was going to die. Yet the hours passed on without any stir in the chateau, and Dantes felt he had escaped this first danger: it was a good augury. At length, about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond felt that the moment had arrived, and summoning up all his courage, held his breath, happy if, at the same time, he could have repressed in like manner the hasty pulsations of his arteries. They stopped at the door — there were two steps, and Dantes guessed it was the two grave-diggers who came to seek him. This idea was soon converted into certainty, when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand-bier. The door opened, and a dim light reached Dante's eyes through the coarse sack that covered him; he saw two shadows approach his bed, a third remaining at the door with a torch in his hand. Each of these two men, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremeties.

"He's heavy, though, for a thin old man," said one, as he raised the head.

"They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of bones," said another, lifting the feet.

"Have you tied the knot?" inquired the first speaker.

"What would be the use of carrying so much more weight?" was the reply; "I can do that when we get there."

"Yes, you're right," replied the companion.

"What's the knot for?" thought Dantes.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play his part of a dead man, and then the party, lighted by the man with the torch, who went first, ascended the stairs. Suddenly he felt the fresh and sharp night air, and Dantes recognized the Mistral. It was a sudden sensation, at the same time replete with delight and agony. The bearers advanced twenty paces, then stopped, putting their bier down on the ground. One of them went away, and Dantes heard his shoes on the pavement.

"Where am I, then?" he asked himself.

"Really, he is by no means a light load!" said the other bearer, sitting on the edge of the hand-barrow. Dantes' first impulse was to escape, but fortunately he did not attempt it.

"Light me, you, sir," said the other bearer, "or I shall not find what I am looking for." The man with the torch complied, although not asked in the most polite terms.

"What can he be looking for?" thought Edmond. "The spade, perhaps." An exclamation of satisfaction indicated that the grave-digger had found the object of his search. "Here it is at last," he said, "not without some trouble, though."

"Yes," was the answer, "but it has lost nothing by waiting."

As he said this, the man came towards Edmond, who heard a heavy and sounding substance laid down beside him, and at the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

"Well, have you tied the knot?" inquired the grave-digger, who was looking on. "Yes, and pretty tight, too, I can tell you," was the answer.

"Move on, then." And the bier was lifted once more, and they proceeded.

They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, then went forward again. The noise of the waves, dashing against the rocks on which the chateau is built, reached Dantes' ear distinctly as they progressed.

"Bad weather!" observed one of the bearers; "not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea."

"Why, yes, he runs some risk of being wet," said the other; and then there was a burst of brutal laughter. Dantes did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.

"Well, here we are at last," said one of them.

"A little farther—a little farther," said the other. "You know very well that the last was stopped on his way, dashed on the rocks, and the governor told us next day that we were careless fellows."

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantes felt

that they took him one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro. "One! said the grave-diggers, "two! three, and away!" And at the same instant Dantes felt himself flung into the air like a wounded bird, falling, falling with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downward by the same heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him as if the time were a century. At last, with a terrific dash, he entered the ice-cold water, and as he did so he uttered a shrill cry, stifled in a moment by his emersion beneath the waves.

Dantes had been flung into the sea, into whose depths he was dragged by a thirty-six pound shot tied to his feet. The sea is the cemetery of the Chateau d'If.

Dantes, although giddy and almost suffocated, had yet sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath; and as his right hand (prepared as he was for every chance) held his knife open, he rapidly ripped up the sack, extricated his arm, and then his body; but in spite of all his efforts to free himself from the bullet, he felt it dragging him down still lower. He then bent his body, and by a desperate effort severed the cord that bound his legs, at the moment he was suffocating. With a vigorous spring he rose to the surface of the sea, whilst the bullet bore to its depths the sack which had so nearly become his shroud.

Dantes merely paused to breathe, and then dived again, in order to avoid being seen. When he arose a second time, he was fifty paces from where he had first sunk. He saw overhead a black and tempestuous sky, over which the wind was driving the fleeting vapors that occasionally suffered a twinkling star to appear; before him was the vast expanse of waters, sombre and terrible, whose waves foamed and roared as if before the approach of a storm. Behind him, blacker than the sea, blacker than the sky, rose, like a phantom, the giant of granite, whose projecting crags seemed like arms extended to seize their prey, and on the highest rock was a torch that lighted two figures. He fancied these two forms were looking at the sea; doubtless

these strange grave-diggers had heard his cry. Dantes dived again, and remained a long time beneath the water. When he reappeared the light was gone. It was necessary to strike out to sea.

"Well, said he, "I will swim until I am worn out, or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink," and he struck out with the energy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to him to become still darker and more dense, and compact clouds lowered towards him; at the same time he felt a violent pain in his knee. His imagination told him a ball had struck him, and that in a moment he would hear the report; but he heard nothing. Dantes put out his hand, and felt resistance; he then extended his leg, and felt the land, and in an instant guessed the nature of the object he had taken for a cloud.

An overhanging rock offered him a temporary shelter, and scarcely had he availed himself of it when the tempest burst forth in all its fury. Edmond felt the rock beneath which he lay tremble; the waves, dashing themselves against the granite rock, wetted him with their spray.

"In two or three hours," thought Dantes, "the turnkey will enter my chamber, find the body of my poor friend, recognize it, seek for me in vain, and give the alarm."

Dantes (his eyes turned in the direction of the Chateau d'If) saw appear, at the extremity of the isle, like a bird skimming over the sea, a small bark, that the eye of a sailor alone could recognize as a Genoese tartane. She was coming out of Marseilles harbor, and was standing out to sea rapidly, her sharp prow cleaving through the waves.

The red cap of a sailor hung to a point of the rock, and some beams that had formed a part of a vessel's keel floated at the foot of the reef. In an instant Dantes' plan was formed. He swam to the cap, placed it on his head, seized one of the beams, and struck out so as to cross the line the vessel was taking.

"I am saved!" murmured he. And this conviction restored his strength.

Dantes, although almost sure as to what course the bark would take, had yet watched it anxiously until it tacked and stood toward him. Then he advanced; but before they had met, the vessel again changed her direction. By a violent effort he rose half out of the water, waving his cap, and uttering a loud shout peculiar to sailors. The tartane instantly steered toward him. At the same time, he saw that they were about to lower a boat. An instant later the boat, rowed by two men, advanced rapidly towards him.

He uttered a second cry. The two sailors redoubled their efforts, and one of them hallooed, in Italian, "Courage!"

The word reached his ear as a wave, which he no longer had the strength to surmount, passed over his head. He rose again to the surface, supporting himself by one of those desperate efforts a drowning man makes, uttered a third cry, and felt himself sink again, as if the fatal bullet were again tied to his feet. The water passed over his head, and the sky seemed livid. A violent effort again brought him to the surface. He felt as if something seized him by the hair, but he saw and heard nothing. He had fainted.

When he opened his eyes, Dantes found himself on the deck of the tartane, and the fastest sailor in the Mediterranean would have been unable to overtake the little bark, that with every stitch of canvas set was flying before the wind to Leghorn.

On Trial For His Life.

From "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"—John Fox, Jr.

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Chad was a little waif on Lonesome Mountain in Kentucky. Jack was his dog and only friend and companion. When the "spirit of

the plague" had passed they were left alone on the mountain top.

Chad climbed a chair and took down from above the door his one treasured possession, except his dog,—an old flint-lock rifle. Then he knelt down by the graves of those who had cared for him and prayed. "God," he said, "I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now."

And with this simple prayer in his heart he and Jack wandered away over the mountains. After two days they came upon a group of boys, the Turners and the Dillons, and the Dillons' dog, "Whizzer." A dog fight followed and then a boy fight which resulted in victory for both Chad and Jack. Then the Turner boys took the two lost waifs away, and with the old hunter, Joel Turner, both found a home. Later, Chad, after having journeyed for a while in the Blue grass, returned to the old mountain home, eager to see again his friends and Jack. But he learned that Jack was in trouble. The Dillons had accused him of killing one of their sheep, but Old Joel had stoutly refused to believe the dog guilty. Thereupon old 'Squire Dillon, the circuit rider, and the neighbors had come over to insist that Jack should be killed, but old Joel was livid with rage. He had trusted Jack and knew him to be an excellent sheep dog, and now declared that unless proven guilty, the dog should not be killed.

By degrees the whole story was told Chad that night. Now and then the Turners would ask him about his stay in the Blue grass, and the boy would answer as briefly as possible and come back to Jack. Before going to bed, Chad said he would bring Jack into the house.

"Somebody might pizen him," he explained, and when he came back, he startled the circle about the fire:

"Whar's Whizzer?" he asked, sharply. "Who's seen Whizzer?"

Then it developed that no one had seen the Dillon dog since the day before the sheep was found dead. That, however, did not prove that Whizzer was not at home. And yet,

"I'd like to know whar Whizzer is now!" said Chad, trying

to think out a defense for Jack, and wondering if Whizzer might not have been concerned in the killing of the sheep.

It is hardly possible that what happened next day, could happen anywhere except among simple people of the hills. Briefly, the old 'Squire and the circuit rider had brought old Joel to the point of saying the night before, that he would give Jack up to be killed, if he could be proven guilty. But the old hunter cried with an oath:

"You've got to prove him guilty." And thereupon the old 'Squire said he would give Jack every chance he would give a man—he would try him; each side could bring witnesses; old Joel could have a lawyer if he wished, and Jack's case would go before a jury. If pronounced innocent, Jack should go free: if guilty then the dog should be handed over to the sheriff, to be shot at sundown. Joel agreed.

It was a strange procession that left the gate of the Turner cabin next morning. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * They led the way to an open-air "meeting-house" where the circuit rider preached during his summer circuit and there the trial was to take place.

Already the crowd was idling, whittling, gossiping in the road, when the Turner cavalcade came in sight. For ten miles up and down the river the people were coming in for the trial.

"Mornin', gentlemen," said old Joel gravely.

"Mornin'," answered several, among whom was the 'Squire, who eyed Joel's gun and the guns coming up the road.

"Squirrel-huntin'?" he asked, and as the old hunter did not answer, he added sharply:

"Air you afeered, Joel Turner, that you ain't a-goin to git justice from me?"

"I don't keer whar it comes from," said Joel, grimly—"but I'm a-goin' to have it."

Ten minutes later the 'Squire took his seat on the platform, while the circuit rider squatted down beside him. The crowd, men, women and children, took the rough benches. To one side

stood the Dillons. Straight in front of the 'Squire gathered the Turners, with Chad and Jack in the center. To the right stood the sheriff with his rifle, and on the outskirts hung the schoolmaster. Quickly the old 'Squire chose a jury. * * * * * *

The first witness, old Tad—long, lean, stooping, crafty—had seen the sheep rushing wildly up the hillside " 'bout crack o'day," he said, and had sent Daws to see what the matter was. Daws had shouted back:

"That Turner dawg has killed one o' our sheep. Thar he comes now, kill him!" And old Tad rushed in-doors for his rifle and had taken a shot at Jack as he leaped into the road and loped for home. Just then a stern, thick little voice rose from behind Jack:

"Hit was a God's blessin' fer you that you didn't hit him."

The 'Squire glared down at the boy and old Joel said, kindly: "Hush, Chad."

Old Dillon had then gone down to the Turners and asked them to kill the dog, but old Joel had refused.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Chad asked sharply.

"You can't axe that question?" said the 'Squire. "Hit's er-er-irrelevant."

Daws came next. When he reached the fence upon the hillside he could see the sheep lying still upon the ground. As he was climbing over, the Turner dog jumped the fence and Daws saw blood on his muzzle.

"How close was you to him?" asked the 'Squire.

"'Bout twenty feet?" said Daws.

"Humph!" said old Joel.

"Whar was Whizzer?" Again the old 'Squire glared down at Chad.

"Don't you axe that question again, boy. Didn't I tell you hit was irrelevant?"

"What is irrelevant?" the boy asked, bluntly.

The 'Squire hesitated. "Why—why, hit ain't got nothin' to do with the case."

"Hit ain't?" shouted Chad.

"Joel," said the 'Squire testily, "ef you don't keep that boy still, I'll fine him for contempt o' court."

Joel laughed, and put his heavy hand upon the boy's shoulder. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The trial continued, and the old 'Squire was about to turn the case over to the jury when Chad rose:

"'Squire," he said, and his voice trembled, "Jack's my dog. I lived with him night and day for 'bout three years an' I want to axe some questions:

He turned to Daws.

"I want to axe you ef thar was any blood around that sheep."

"Thar was a great big pool o' blood," said Daws, indignantly.

Chad looked at the 'Squire.

"Well, a sheep-killin' dawg don't leave no great big pool of blood, 'Squire, with the first one he kills! He sucks it!" Several men nodded their heads. "'Squire, the fust time I come over these mountains, the fust people I seed was these Dillons—an' Whizzer. They sicked Whizzer on Jack hyer an' Jack whooped him. Then Tad thar jumped me an' I whooped him." (The Turner boys were nodding confirmation.). "Sence that time they've hated me, an' they've hated Jack and they hate the Turners partly fer takin' care o' me. Now you said somethin' I axed you was irrelevant, but I tell you, 'Squire, I know a sheep-killin' dawg, and jes' as I know Jack ain't, I know the Dillons' dawg naturally is, an' I tell you, if the Dillons' dawg killed that sheep an' they could put it on Jack—they'd do it. They's do it — 'Squire, an' I tell you, you — ortern't — to let—that—sheriff—thar—shoot my—dawg—until the Dillons answer what I axed—" the boy's passionate cry rang against the green walls and out upon the opening and across the river—

"Whar's Whizzer?"

Nobody answered.

"He ain't been seen, 'Squire, since the evenin' before the night o' the killin'!" Chad's statement seemed to be true. Not a voice contradicted!

"An' I want to know if Daws seed signs o' killin' on Jack's head when he jumped the fence, why them same signs didn't show when he got home."

Poor Chad! Here old Tad Dillon raised his hand.

"Axe the Turners, 'Squire," he said, and as the school-master on the outskirts shrank, as though he meant to leave the crowd, the old man's quick eye caught the movement and he added:

"Axe the school-master!"

Every eye turned with the 'Squire's to the master, whose face was strangely serious straightway.

"Did you see any signs on the dawg when he got home?" The gaunt man hesitated with one swift glance at the boy, who almost paled at the answer.

"Why," said the school-master, and again he hesitated, but old Joel in a voice that was without hope, encouraged him:

"Go on!"

"What was they?"

"Jack had blood on his muzzle, and a little strand o' wool behind one ear."

There was no hope against that testimony. Chad dropped with a sob to a bench and put his arms around the dog, then he rose up and walked out of the opening. He knew what the verdict would be, and in twenty minutes the jury gave it without leaving their seats.

"Guilty!"

The Sheriff came forward. He knew Jack and Jack knew him, and wagged his tail and whimpered up at him when he took the leash.

"Well, by—, this is a job I don't like, an' I'm blamed ef I'm goin' to shoot this dawg afore he knows what I'm shootin' him fer. I'm goin' to show him the sheep fust. Whar's that sheep, Daws?"

Daws lead the way down the road, over the fence, across the meadow and up the hill-side where lay the slain sheep. * * *

If the sheriff expected Jack to drop head and tail and look mean he was greatly mistaken. Jack neither hung back nor sniffled at the carcass. Indeed he put one forefoot on it and with the other one bent in the air, looked without shame into the sheriff's eyes as much as to say: "Yes, this is a wicked and shameful thing, but what have I got to do with it? Why are you bringing me here?"

The sheriff came back greatly puzzled and shook his head. Jack suddenly caught scent of Chad's tracks. With one mighty bound the dog snatched the rawhide from the careless sheriff's hand, and in a moment, with his nose to the ground, was speeding up towards the woods. Jack had disappeared behind the bushes.

They did not know that Chad was up in the woods or they would have gone in search of him—knowing that when they found him they would find Jack—but to look for Jack now would be like searching for a needle in a hay-stack. There was nothing to do, then, but to wait for him to come home, which he would surely do—to get to Chad and it was while old Joel was promising that the dog should be surrendered to the Sheriff that little Tad Dillon gave an excited shriek.

"Look up thar!"

And there at the edge of the woods was Chad standing and, at his feet Jack was sitting on his haunches, with his tongue out and looking as though nothing had happened or could ever happen to Chad or to him.

"Come up heyeh," shouted Chad.

"You come down heyer!" shouted the Sheriff, angrily. So Chad came down, with Jack trotting after him. Chad had cut off the rawhide string, but the Sheriff caught Jack by the nape of the neck.

"You won't get away from me agin, I reckon."

"Well, I reckon you ain't goin' to shoot him," said Chad. "Leggo that dawg."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," said old Joel. "The dog ain't goin' to leave the boy." The sheriff let him go.

"Come on up heyeh," said Chad. "I got somethin' to show ye."

Sheriff, Turners, Dillons, and spectators followed. As they approached a deep ravine the boy pointed to the ground where were evidences of some fierce struggle—the dirt thrown up, and several small stones scattered about with faded stains on them.

"Wait heyeh!" said the boy, and he slid down the ravine and appeared again dragging something after him. Tall Tom ran down to help him and the two threw before the astonished crowd the body of a black and white dog.

"Now I reckon you know whar Whizzer is?" panted Chad vindictively to the Dillons.

"Well, what of it?" snapped Daws.

"Oh, nothin'" said the boy with fine sarcasm. "Only Whizzer killed the sheep and Jack killed Whizzer." From every Dillon throat came a scornful grunt.

"Oh, I reckon so," said Chad easily. "Look thar!" He lifted the dead dog's head, and pointed to the strands of wool between his teeth. He turned it over, showing the deadly grip in the throat and close to the jaws, that had choked the life from Whizzer—Jack's own grip.

"Ef you will jus' rickollect, Jack had the same grip thet time afore—when I pulled him off o' Whizzer."

"By ——, that's so," said tall Tom, and Dolph and Rube echoed him amid a dozen voices, for not only Joel, but many of his neighbors knew Jack's method of fighting, which had made him victor up and down the length of Kingdom Come.

There was little doubt that the boy was right—that Jack had come up on Whizzer killing the sheep, and had caught him at the edge of the ravine, where the two had fought, rolling down and settling the old feud between them in the darkness at the

bottom. And up there on the hillside, the jury that pronounced Jack guilty pronounced him innocent, and, as the Turners went joyfully down the hill, the sun that was to have sunk on Jack stiff in death sank on Jack frisking before them—home.

My Island.

From "Phroso"—Anthony Hope.

[By courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. F. A. Stokes & Co., New York.]

Lord Wheatly of England who tells the story, purchased the Island of Neopalia from its old ruler, Lord Stefanopplos. He goes to take possession of his island, accompanied by Denny, his friend and companion, and by Hogvardt and Watkins, two faithful attendants. They arrive at Neopalia and take possession of the castle, but find that Lord Stefanopplos has been assassinated, and the islanders refuse to give up Neopalia. The Lady Euphrosyne, by inheritance the next ruler of the island, is betrothed to her cousin, Constantine. A messenger is sent by them to Lord Wheatly requesting him to quit the castle and leave the island at once. This he stoutly refuses to do. Constantine and a few of his followers, accompanied by the Lady Phroso, attacked the men at the castle; a fight ensued and Constantine and his companions fled in the darkness, leaving in their haste the lady, who has fallen in a swoon. She is held in the castle as the hostage of Lord Wheatly. While there she learns that Constantine is already married. She then resolves to disclose the secret of the underground passage from the castle to the sea, and escape through it with Lord Wheatly and his followers.

Our idea was to reach the other end of the journey somewhere about eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Three hours

seemed ample time for the journey, for the way could hardly, however rich it were in windings, be more than three or four miles long. We determined, therefore, to start at five.

I went to the hall door and fired a shot, and then did the like at the back. Having thus spent two cartridges on advertising our presence to the pickets, we made without delay for the passage and with my own hand I closed the door behind us. The secret of the Stefanoppuloi would thus be hidden from profane eyes in the very likely event of the islanders finding their way into the house in the course of the next few hours.

I persuaded Phroso to sit down some little way from the chasm and wait until we were ready for her; we four went on. Denny gave one hard pull at the rope; it stood the test; he cast a rapid eye over the wedges; they were strong and strongly imbedded in the rock. He laid hold of the rope.

"Don't come after me 'till I shout," he said, and he was over the side. The lanterns showed me his descending figure, while Hogvardt and Watkins held the rope, ready to haul him up in case of need. There was one moment of suspense; then his voice came, distant and cavernous.

"Alright! There's a broad ledge—a foot and a half broad—twenty feet above the water, and I can see a glimmer of light that looks like the way out."

"This is almost disappointingly simple," I said.

"Would your lordship desire me to go next?" asked Watkins.

"Yes, fire away, Watkins," said I, now in high good humor.

"Stand from under, sir," called Watkins to Denny, and over he went.

A shout announced his safe arrival. I laid down the lantern and took hold of the rope.

"I must hang on to you, Hog," said I. "You carry flesh, you see."

Hogvardt was calm, smiling and leisurely.

"When I'm down, my lord," he said, "I'll stand ready to catch the young lady. Give me a call before you start her off."

"Alright," I answered. "I'll go and fetch her directly."

Over went old Hogvardt. He groaned once; I suppose he grazed against the wall; but he descended with perfect safety. Denny called:

"Now we're ready for her, Charley. Lower away!" And I, turning, began to walk back to where I had left Phroso.

My island had now behaved well for two hours. The limit of its endurance seemed to be reached. In another five minutes Phroso and I would be safely down the rope, and the party reunited at the bottom, with a fair hope of carrying out prosperously at least the first part of the enterprise. But it was not to be. My eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom, and when I went back I left the lantern standing by the rope. Suddenly, when I was still a few yards from Phroso, I heard a curious noise, a sort of shuffling sound rather like the noise made by a rug or carpet drawn along the floor. I stood still and listened, turning my head round to the chasm. The noise continued for a minute. I took a step in the direction of it. Then I seemed to see a curious thing. The lantern seemed to get up and throw itself over the chasm! At the same instant there was a rasp. A knife on the rope! A cry came from far down the chasm. I darted forward. I rushed to where the walls bayed and the chasm opened. The shuffling sound had begun again; and in the middle of the isolated path, I saw a dark object. It must be the figure of a man, a man who had watched our proceedings, unobserved by us, and seized this chance of separating our party. For a moment, a fatal moment—I stood aghast, doing nothing. Then I drew my revolver and fired once—twice—thrice. The bullets whistled along the path, but in an instant there came an answering shot from across the bridge of rock. Denny shouted wildly to me from below. I fired again; there was a groan, but two shots flashed at the very same moment. There were two men there, perhaps more. I stood again for a moment undecided; but I could do no good where I was; I turned and ran fairly and fast.

"Come! Come!" I cried, when I reached Phroso. "Come back, come back! They've cut the rope and they'll be on us directly."

In spite of her amazement she rose as I bade her. We heard feet running along the passage. They would be across the bridge now. Would they stop and fire down the chasm? No, they were coming on. We also went on; a touch of Phroso's practised fingers opened the door for us; I turned, and in wrath gave the pursuers one more shot. Then I ran up the stairs and shut the door behind us. We were in the hall again—but Phroso and I alone.

Time pressed. I rose and unbolted the door of the house. Phroso sat still. I looked along the road. I saw nobody, but I heard the blast of a horn. Phroso also heard it, for she sat up, saying:

"Hark! they are summoning all the men to the town! That means they are coming here."

But it meant something else, also, to me; if the men were summoned to the town, there would be fewer for me to elude in the wood.

"Will they all go?" I asked, as though in mere curiosity.

"All who are not on some duty," she answered.

I had to hope for the best; but Phroso went on in distress,—"It means that they are coming here, here, to take you."

"Then you must lose no time in going," said I, and I took her hand and gently raised her to her feet.

She regarded me intently for a full minute. Then she drew a ring from her finger.

"You have fought for me," she said. "You have risked your life for me. Will you take this ring from me?"

I bowed my head, and Phroso set the ring on my finger.

"Wear it 'till a woman you love gives you one to wear instead," said Phroso, with a little smile. "Then go to the edge of your island,—you are an islander, too, are you not, so we are brethren?—go to the edge of your island and throw it into the

sea; and perhaps, my dear friend, the sea will bring it back, a message from you to me. For I think you will never again come to Neopalia."

I made no answer; we walked together to the door of the house, and paused again for a moment on the threshold.

"See the blue sea!" said Phroso. "Is it not—is not your island—a beautiful island?" If God brings you safe to your own land, my lord, I pray you, think kindly of your island, and of one who dwells there."

The blast of the horn had died away. The setting sun was turning blue to gold on the quiet water. The evening was very still, as we stood looking from the threshold of the door, under the portal of the house that had seen such strange, wild doings, and had so swiftly made for itself a place forever in my life and memory.

I glanced at Phroso's face. Her eyes were set on the sea, her cheek had gone pale, and her lip was quivering. Suddenly came a loud sharp note on the horn.

"It is the signal for the start," said she, "I must go, or they will be here in heat and anger, and I shall not be able to stop them. And they will kill you, my lord."

She moved to leave me.

"God bless you," I said, as she moved away. I caught her hand and lightly kissed it. "My homage to the Lady of the Island," I whispered.

Then I turned and fled through the house. I crawled cautiously but quickly up the mountain side, with eyes keen to pierce the dusk that now fell. Of real foes I had seen none. Ah! Hush! I dropped on my knees. Away there on my right—what was it leaning against that tree trunk? It was a tall lean man; his arms rested on a long gun. Would he see me? I crouched lower. Would he hear me? I was still as the dead. The man was motionless, and presently I ventured to move on my hands and knees. I passed another sentry a hundred yards away on the left; his head was sunk on his breast and he took no notice of

me. I breathed freely now. I was past—free to think of Denny and his faithful followers threading dark and devious ways in the bowels of the earth and finding at last the true outlet; eager for a sight of their sails and the hour when we should be off, far away to England and to friends.

"At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth!"

And the next day I stood on the Island of Neopalia, the captive of her people.

Averting my eyes for a moment, I looked down the slope of the street towards the seea.

Ah, my island! My sweet, capricious island!

A sudden uncontrollable exclamation burst from my lips and, raising my hand, I pointed to the harbor and the blue water beyond. Every head followed the direction of my outstretched finger; every pair of eyes were focused on the object that held mine. A short, breathless silence—a momentary wonder—then, shrill or deep, low in fear or loud in excitement, broke forth the cry,—

"The Governor! The Governor!"

For a gunboat was steaming slowly into the harbor of Neopalia and the Turkish flag flew over her.

The sight wrought transformation. In a moment, as it seemed to me, the throng around me melted away. The street grew desolate. I stood unwatched, unheeded, apparently forgotten; festival, tumult, trial, condemnation seemed past like visions; the flag that flew from the gunboat brought back modern days, the prose of life, and ended the wild poetic drama that we had played, but how had the Governor come before his time, and why?"

"Denny!" I cried aloud in inspiration and hope, and I ran down the steep street and on to the jetty. As I arrived there the gunboat also reached it, and, a moment later, Denny was shaking my hand 'till it felt like falling off, while from the deck of the

gunboat Hogvardt and Watkins were waving wild congratulations.

Denny had jumped straight from deck to jetty; but now a gang-way was thrust out, and I passed with him on to the deck, and presented myself with a low bow to a gentleman who stood there. This, Denny whispered to me, was no less a man than the Governor himself, Mouraki Pasha. I bowed again yet lower; for I stood before the man who meant law and order and civilization, and an end to the wild ways of Neopalia.

Mice at Play.

Four children sat around a wood-fire, in an old-fashioned country house. The red embers blazed up merrily, and showed four flushed little faces, four very tangled heads of hair, eight bright, merry eyes, and—I regret extremely to add—eight very dirty little hands, belonging, respectively, to Bess, Bob, Archie, and Tom. Mamma was away, you may be sure. If she were at home, the children would have made a very different appearance. O yes, indeed, quite and entirely different.

The round table was wheeled in front of the fire, and the student lamp in the center shed its light on Tom's letter, which he was writing to his mother.

Archie was leaning back in the large chair; his arm, which he had broken in riding the trick mule of the circus the day before, was in a splint; but, judging from the rapid disappearance of the gingerbread on the plate near him, it is to be doubted if new cider, trick mules, or broken arms seriously impair the appetite.

"Bess, stop jogging the table! How on earth can a fellow write with you around?"

"Read what you've written," said Bess.

"Yes, do," chimed in Archie. They were both anxious to know what account their mother would receive of their performance.

"Wait till it's done," answered Tom. Writing a letter was no joke for Thomas Bradley, junior.

"How on earth do you spell *circus*?" he asked.

"S-u-r-k-e-ss," answered Bess, promptly.

"No you don't," cried Tom. "I know better."

"If you know so much, why do you ask?" retorted Bess.

"O, come, Bess! do think, can't you?"

"There is a *c* in it," put in Archie; "for I saw the big red-and-blue posters in the village, and I know there was a *c* in circus."

"Then it's c-i-r-k-i-s," said Bess.

"Yes; I guess that's right," said Tom, thoughtfully, writing the word, and then holding his head back from the paper, first on one side and then on the other, to see if it looked natural.

"I'm not exactly sure," he said, at last. "It looks kinder queer. And mamma does make such a row if I don't spell right! What's the use in spelling, any way? If the folks know what you mean, that's enough—one way is as good as another. Pshaw!" he continued, "I don't believe it is right. See here, Bob! you're a first-rate little boy—a real, regular first-rate good boy, you are."

"If it's up-stairs, I won't," declared Bob, who knew that flattery always preceded errands. Bob was one of the kind who learned by experience.

"O, yes, Bobby! That's a lovely harness you've made for pussy. I couldn't have done better myself. You know where my dictionary is, up in my room, on the table. Run along and get it,—that's a good boy."

Bob kept on with his work.

"Come, Bobby," said Tom, encouragingly.

"Go yourself," was Bob's polite suggestion.

"O, I'm so tired. I've done nothing but run for doctors all day long. Come, Bob, I'll tell mamma what a good boy you are if you will."

"Won't you tell her I dropped the teapot down the well?" asked Bob.

"O, did you?" cried Tom, Bess, and Archie, all in a breath.

Bob nodded his head and looked at them all with a calm stare.

"Which one?" asked the three children, anxiously.

"The big silver one," said Bob.

"How? Why? What were you doing with it?"

"The gardner wouldn't lend me the watering-pot, and I wanted to water my garden, so I just thought that would do instead; and I went to fill it at the well, and the bucket hit it right over into the well. It was the bucket's fault. I ain't to blame."

"Whe-e-ew!" at last whistled Tom.

"If you won't tell mamma, I'll go for your book," said Bob.

"Well, I won't tell her in this letter, any way."

"Don't tell her at all," insisted Bob.

"If you don't go right off and get it, I'll write it this moment."

"I'll go, I'll go!" cried Bob.

"That's the worst scrape yet," said Bess. "For if I did get lost, I was found again; and if I did tear my clothes, they are all mended now; and if Archie did break his arm, he's got it mended now, too; but the teapot! That's dropped down the well, and there it is."

Bessie's argument was convincing. There was no more to be said.

After a while, Tom's letter was finished, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR MAMMA: I wish you was home. We have dun a good many bad things. Bess got lost in the woods, and most drowned in Rainy Pond. I shot Kate thru the head with a squirt

of water, and most killed her. Archie broke his arm trying to wride the trik mule at the curkis. Bob has dun worst of all; but I sed I woodn't tel that. Bob has dun a dredful thing; but I sed I woodn't tel, so I won't. It's orful. Papa is very good to us, and don't make us wash too much. The bred is orful; Maggy is cross. But we're all wel, except Archy's arm, and Dr. Jarvis says if he don't get fever he wil get wel.

Your loveng son, TOM.

"P. S. You wil feel orful bad about what Bob's dun."

The next morning all four children were gathered around the well, at the bottom of which lay the silver teapot.

"I see it, I see it!" cried Tom, eagerly. "It's down at the bottom."

"Did you suppose it would float?" asked Bess.

"Let me see," cried Bob.

"You clear out," said Archie; "you've made all this mischief. You'd better go before you tumble in yourself, you little goose. I can't go after it, with my broken arm."

"Now, I suppose we will hear of nothing but your broken arm for a month, and you'll shirk everything for it. 'I can't study 'cause my arm's broken; I can't go errands 'cause my arm's broken; I can't go to church 'cause my arm's broken;' that will be your whim, Archie; but don't try your dodges on me, for I won't stand it. If it really hurts you, I'm sorry, and I'll lick any fellow that touches you till you get well again; but none of your humbug. Of course you can't go down the well, you couldn't if your arm wasn't broken."

Meanwhile Bess had gone to the house for a long fishing-pole, and soon returned carrying it.

"We'll fasten a hook to the end of it, and fish the teapot up," said she.

"Ho, ho! Do you suppose it will bite like a fish?" laughed Tom.

"No, I do not, Tom Bradley. But I suppose if I tie a string to the pole, and fasten an iron hook to one end, that I can wiggle

it round in the water till the hook catches in the handle, and then we can draw it up. That's what I suppose."

"There's something in that, Bess. Let me try."

"No: go and get one for yourself."

"But where can I find one?"

"In the smoke-house, where I got mine."

"O, get me one, too," cried Bob.

"And me one too," cried Archie.

Before half an hour had passed, the four children, all armed with fishing-poles, were intently wiggling in the water, catching their hooks in the stones by the side of the well, entangling their lines, digging their elbows into each other's sides, in their frantic attempts to pull their hooks loose, scolding, pushing, and getting generally excited.

Every few minutes Tom would pull Bess back by her sun-bonnet, and save her from tumbling over in her eagerness; but so far from being grateful to her deliverer, Bess resented the treatment indignantly.

"Stop jerking my head so!" she cried.

"You'll be in, in a minute; you'd have been in then, if I hadn't jerked you," answered Tom.

"Well, what if I had? Let me alone. If I go in, that's my own lookout."

"Your own look in, you mean. My gracious! wouldn't you astonish the toads down there! But you'd get your face clean."

"Now, Tom, you let me be. I 'most had it that time."

"So you've said forty times.—This is all humbug. I'm going down on the rope for it."

"O, no, Tom, please don't. Indeed you'll be drowned; the rope will break; you'll kill yourself; you'll catch cold," cried Bess, in alarm.

"Pooh! girl! coward!" retorted thankless Tom. "Who's afraid of what? Stand back, small boys, I'm going in."

"You'll poison the water," suggested Archie.

"It will be so cold," moaned Bob.

"I'll scream for a hundred years without stopping, Tom," cried Bess wildly. "You shan't go down—you shan't; I'll call some one. Murray! Peter! Maggie! c-o-o-o-o-o-o-me! O-o-o-o-h, c-o-o-o-o-o-me!"

"Stop screaming, and help. Now, do you three hold on tight to this bucket; don't let go for a moment; pull away as hard as you can when I tell you to. Now for it."

And, without more ado, Tom clung to the rope with his hands, and twisted his feet around the bucket-handle.

"Hold on tight, and let me down easy," said Tom, and the three children lowered him little by little.

A sudden splash and shiver told them he had reached water, and a shout of triumph declared that the teapot was rescued.

As Tom shouted, all the children let go the rope, and rushed to the side of the well to look at the victorious hero.

It was a most fortunate circumstance that the water in the well was low. As it was, he stood in the cold water up to his shoulders.

"What made you let go?" roared Tom.

"O, Tom, have you got it? Have you really? Ain't it cold? Are you hurt? Were you scared? Is the teapot broken?"

"Draw me up! You silly children! You goose of a Bess! Why don't you draw me up."

"I will, Tom; I'm going to," answered Bess.

But all the united efforts could not raise Tom.

I'll run next door and call Mr. Wilson," said Bess, hopefully, and started.

As Bess ran, she was suddenly stopped at the gate by the sight of a carriage which had just driven up, and out of which now stepped Aunt Maria and Aunt Maria's husband, Uncle Daniel. These were the very grimmest and grandest of all the relations.

For one awful moment Bess stood stunned. Then her anxiety for Tom overcame every other consideration, and before Aunt Maria could say, "How do you do, Elizabeth?" she had

caught her uncle by his august coat-tail, and, in a piteous voice, besought him to come and pull on the rope.

"Pull on a rope, Elizabeth!" said Uncle Daniel, who was a very slow man; "why should I pull on a rope, my dear?"

"O, come quick! hurry faster! Tom's down in the well!" cried Bess.

"Tom down a well! How did he get there?"

"He went down for the teapot," sobbed Bess; "the silver teapot, and we can't pull him up again; and he's cramped with cold. O, do hurry!"

Uncle Daniel leisurely looked down at Tom. Then he slowly took off his coat, and as slowly carried it into the house, stopped to give an order to his coachman, came with measured pace to the three frightened children; then took hold of the rope, gave a long, strong, calm pull, and in an instant, Tom, "dripping with coolness, arose from the well."

"Mary's Night Ride."

[From Dr. Sevier, by Geo. W. Cable.—Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.]

Mary Richling, the heroine of the story, was the wife of John Richling, a resident of New Orleans. At the breaking out of the Civil War she went to visit her parents in Milwaukee. About the time of the bombardment of New Orleans she received news of the dangerous illness of her husband, and she decided at once to reach his bedside, if possible. Taking with her, her baby daughter, a child of three years, she proceeded southward, where, after several unsuccessful attempts to secure a pass she finally determined to break through the lines.

About the middle of the night Mary Richling was sitting

very still and upright on a large, dark horse that stood champing his Mexican bit in the black shadow of a great oak. Alice rested before her, fast asleep against her bosom. Mary held by the bridle another horse, whose naked saddle-tree was empty. A few steps in front of her the light of the full moon shown almost straight down upon a narrow road that just there emerged from the shadow of woods on either side, and divided into a main right fork, and a much smaller one that curved around to Mary's left. Off in the direction of the main fork the sky was all aglow with camp-fires. Only just here on the left there was a cool and grateful darkness.

She lifted her head alertly. A twig cracked under a tread, and the next moment a man came out of the bushes at the left, and without a word took the bridle of the led horse from her fingers and vaulted into the saddle. The hand that rested a moment on the cantle as he rose grasped a "navy six." He was dressed in dull homespun, but he was the same who had been dressed in blue. He turned his horse and led the way down the lesser road.

"If we'd a gone three hundred yards further," he whispered, falling back and smiling broadly, "we'd 'a' run into the pickets. I went nigh enough to see the videttes sittin' on their hosses in the main road. This here ain't no road; it just goes up to a nigger quarters. I've got one o' the niggers to show us the way."

"Where is he?" whispered Mary; but before her companion could answer, a tattered form moved from behind a bush a little in advance and started ahead in the path, walking and beckoning. Presently they turned into a clear, open forest, and followed the long, rapid, swinging stride of the negro for nearly an hour. Then they halted on the bank of a deep, narrow stream. The negro made a motion for them to keep well to the right when they should enter the water. The white man softly lifted Alice to his arms, directed and assisted Mary to kneel in her saddle, with her skirts gathered carefully under her, and so they went down into the cold stream, the negro first, with his arms out-

stretched above the flood; then Mary, and then the white man,—or, let us say plainly, the spy—with the unawakened child on his breast. And so they rose out of it on the farther side without a shoe or garment wet, save the rags of their dark guide.

Again they followed him, along a line of stake-and-rider fence, with the woods on one side and the bright moonlight flooding a field of young cotton on the other. Now they heard the distant baying of house-dogs, now the doleful call of the chuck-will's-widow, and once Mary's blood turned, for an instant, to ice at the unearthly shriek of the hoot owl just above her head. At length they found themselves in a dim, narrow road, and the negro stopped.

"Des keep dish yeh road fo' 'bout half mile, an' you strak 'pon de broad, main road. Tek de right, an' go whah yo' fancy tek you."

"Good-bye," whispered Mary.

"Good-bye, Miss," said the negro, in the same low voice; "good-bye, boss: don't you fo'git you promise to tek me thoo to de Yankee's when you come back. I 'feered you gwine fo'git it, boss."

The spy said he would not, and they left him. The half mile was soon past, though it turned out to be a mile and a half, and at length Mary's companion looked back as they rode single file with Mary in the rear, and said softly:

"There's the road," pointing at its broad, pale line with his six-shooter.

As they entered it and turned to the right, Mary, with Alice again in her arms, moved somewhat ahead of her companion, her indifferent horsemanship having compelled him to drop back to avoid a prickly bush. His horse was just quickening his pace to regain the lost position, when a man sprang up from the ground on the farther side of the highway, snatched a carbine from the earth and cried: "Halt!"

The dark recumbent forms of six or eight others could be seen, enveloped in their blankets, lying about a few red coals. Mary turned a frightened look backward and met the eyes of her

companion.

"Move a little faster," said he, in a low, clear voice. As she promptly did so she heard him answer the challenge, as his horse trotted softly after hers.

"Don't stop us, my friend; we're taking a sick child to the doctor."

"Halt, you hound!" the cry rang out; and as Mary glanced back three or four men were just leaping into the road. But she saw also her companion, his face suffused with an earnestness that was almost an agony, rise in his stirrups with the stoop of his shoulders all gone, and wildly cry:

"Go!"

She smote the horse and flew. Alice woke and screamed.

The report of a carbine rang out and went rolling away in a thousand echoes through the wood. Two others followed in sharp succession, and there went close by Mary's ear the waspish whine of a minnie-ball. At the same moment she recognized once, twice,—thrice,—just at her back where the hoofs of her companion's horse were clattering—the tart rejoinders of his navy six.

"Go!" he cried again. "Lay low! lay low! cover the child!" But his words were needless. With head bowed forward and form crouched over the crying, clinging child, with slackened rein and fluttering dress, and sun-bonnet and loosened hair blown back upon her shoulders, with lips compressed and silent prayers, Mary was riding for life and liberty and her husband's bed side.

"Go on! Go on!" cred the voice behind; "they're—saddling up! Go! go! We're goin' to make it! We're goin' to make it! Go-o-o!"

And they made it!

Glaucus, the Athenian.---Bulwer Lytton.

[From "Last Days of Pompeii."]

Glaucus, a noble young Greek was the accepted lover of Ione. Arbaces, the Egyptian who was at the head of an established priesthood of Pompeii, also loved Ione and sought to win her from Glaucus.

The priest of Isis, Ione's brother, became dissatisfied with he order, and determined to leave it. Arbaces, fearing that the young priest would disclose the baseness of the priesthood murdered him. The priest, Calenus, witnessed the murder, but agreed to silence when offered countless gold from the coffers of Arbaces. Calenus was conducted to a secret cell of Arbaces' house and was there imprisoned and left to die.

Glaucus, who chanced to be found near the body of the slain priest was accused f the crime, tried, found guilty and condemned to fight with a lion in the arena.

Through Nydia, the blind flower girl, the imprisoned Calenus was found and released on the day of the fatal game in the arena.

The night preceding the fierce joy of the amphitheatre rolled away, and grayly broke forth the dawn of the LAST DAY OF POMPEII!

Despite the earliness of the hour, the gates of the city were already opened. Horseman upon horseman, vehicle after vehicle, poured rapidly in: and the voices of numerous pedestrian groups, clad in holiday attire, rose high in joyous and excited merriment; the streets were crowded with citizens and strangers from the populous neighborhood of Pompeii; and noisily—fast—confusedly swept the many streams of life toward the fatal show.

The intense curiosity which the trial and sentence of the noble Greek had occasioned, increased the crowd on this day to an extent wholly unprecedented. The common people, with the lively vehemence of their Campanian blood, pushed, scrambled, hurried on.

A flourish of music rang out cheerily as the processions were sweeping to the amphitheatre. Look at the vast theater, rising

row upon row, and swarming with human beings, from fifteen to eighteen thousand in number, intent upon no fictitious representation—no tragedy of the stage—but the actual victory or defeat, the exultant life or the bloody death, of each and all who entered the arena!

"Bring forth the lion and Glaucus the Athenian," said the aedile, and a deep and breathless hush of overwrought interest, and intense terror lay like a mighty and awful dream, over the assembly.

"Glaucus the Athenian, thy time has come," said a loud and clear voice; "the lion awaits thee."

"I am ready," said the Athenian.

When Glaucus saw the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features; he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form, in his intent but unfrowning brow, in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly, which spoke audibly, from his attitude, his lip, his eye; he seemed the very incarnation of the valor of his land; at once a hero and a god!

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half compassionate respect; and, with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark, uncouth object in the center of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion.

The beast had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. But now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heavy breath, the sand below on the arena.

Slowly the aedile gave the signal; the keeper cautiously re-

moved the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that one well-directed thrust might penetrate the brain of his grim foe.

To the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal. At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than his deep-toned and kingly roar. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The aedile called to the keeper, "How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances to the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle and voices of remonstrance. All eyes turned in wonder at the interruption, toward the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled, breathless, heated, half-exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring. "Remove the Athenian!" he cried; "haste; he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian; he is the murderer of the priest of Isis."

"Art thou mad, O Sallust?" said the praetor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian. Quick! or his blood be on your head. Praetor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the Emperor! I bring with me the eyewitness to the death of the priest. Room there, stand back, give way. People of Pompeii,

fix every eye upon Arbaces; there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

Pale and haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat.

"The priest Calenus—Calenus!" cried the mob. "Is it he? No—it is a dead man!"

"It is the priest Calenus," said the praetor. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me—it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine—that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—he is innocent!"

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people; "remove the Athenian—Arbaces to the lion."

And that shout echoed from hill to vale—from coast to sea—Arbaces to the lion.

"To the lion—to the lion with Arbaces!"

With that cry up sprang, on moved, thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights; they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the aedile command; in vain did the praetor life his voice and proclaim the law.

In despair, and in a terror which beat down every pride, Arbaces glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd; when, right above them, through a wide chasm in the awning, he beheld a strange and awful apparition; and his craft restored his courage.

"Behold!" he shouted, "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, black-

ness—the branches fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare! There was a dead, heart-sunken silence; through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow beast.

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other; but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake under their feet; the walls of the theater trembled; and beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone. Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheatre itself; far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!

No longer thought the people of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen; amid groans, and oaths and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd poured itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon.

Stunned by his reprieve, doubting that he was awake, Glaucus was led by the officers of the arena into a small cell within the walls of the theater. They threw a loose robe over his form, and crowded round him in congratulation and wonder. There was an impatient cry without the cell; the throng gave way, and the blind girl Nydia, flung herself at the feet of Glaucus.

Then from every side resounded the cry, "The mountain! the earthquake!" The officers fled with the rest; Glaucus and Nydia

paced swiftly up the perilous and fearful streets. The Athenian had learned that Ione was yet in the house of Arbaces. Thither he fled, to release—to save her!

The cloud now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare.

Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl.

Accustomed, through a perpetual night to thread the windings of the city, she led them unerringly toward the sea-shore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape.

Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his blind and faithful guide. With admirable discretion she sought the shore, and after many pauses and incredible perseverance, they gained at last the sea, and joined a group who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea.

Meekly, softly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep—the winds were sinking into rest—the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. And in the feeling that the worst was past, the overwearied ones feel placidly to sleep. And the barque containing our faithful trio drifted calmly onward into safety.

The Sentinel's Alarm.

Not an Indian had been seen all the afternoon. No sign of danger. Night comes down as softly as a child closes its eyes in sleep and the light breeze from the north brings a film of white cloud to hide a portion of the stars. A sentinel is posted on the bank of the stream, a second to the east, a third to the west. It seems almost absurd to take these precautions. The crickets sing

under the stones—field-mice run about in the grass—the waters of the loop sing a peaceful song as they flow past our camp.

No Indians—no signs.

At ten o'clock everybody but the sentinels is fast asleep. Some of the horses are lying at full length, so buried in slumber that their heavy breathing can be heard for yards away. At eleven o'clock all is quiet. Fleecy clouds now cover the heavens, making the night no darker, but more uncertain. As the eye looks off over the level plain the shadows take on a different shape and have more life.

Midnight! The three sentinels softly enter camp, and bend over the sleepers, and five minutes later the guard has been changed. Those who slept are now as watchful as foxes; those who watched are in the land of dreams.

Half-past twelve o'clock! No sound now but the purling waters, and their monotony would close the eyes of a sentinel who listened long.

One o'clock! Now there is the quietness of a graveyard. Men and horses seem to be dead. The sentinel to the east gives a sudden start. He would deny it on his oath, but for an instant he slept. He shakes himself and looks over the camp. All is peace, but he has received a shock which makes his heart beat faster. His stand is at the foot of a cotton-wood. He sinks down on his knees and peers out from either side of the trunk. Nothing in sight—nothing but the dark shadows cast by the clouds.

"Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!"

A cricket begins his song again after a long silence. It seems loud enough to waken every sleeper, but it is not. It is low and quiet. It reaches the ears of only one sentinel.

"Watch! Watch! Watch!"

The sentinel's eye falls on a dark spot on the grass a hundred feet away. It is the shadow of a cloud. The darker spot in the center is a rock lifting its head out of the earth. He noticed it before the darkness came. He can see nothing moving—there is no danger.

"Look! Look! Look!"

His heart jumps again and his eyes go back to the dark spot. They cling there for two or three minutes, during which time the cricket is absolutely silent. Did something move? Is the black spot nearer than it was?

"Creeping! Crawling! Coming!"

So shouts the cricket, and now the sentinel is sure that the dark spot has advanced. Of course it has! It has also changed the line of its advance. With bated breath he waits and watches. The man who disturbs camp without good cause will be taunted with cowardice. Ah! it does move. The black spot is now over fifty feet away.

"Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!"

The sentinel softly pulls back the hammer of his heavy carbine, raises the weapon quietly to his shoulder, and the loud report is followed by a cry so long-drawn, so wild and weird and full of death that no one ever forgets it. There is wild confusion for a moment—then everybody is ready.

"What is it?"

Three or four men advance to the dark spot, to find the body of an Indian stretched at full length on the earth, shot through the breast. Eighty rods away are half a hundred warriors waiting in the darkness for the spy to return. At the sound of the death-cry they mount their ponies and ride away.—The Detroit Free Press.

The Fight With the Aurochs.—Henryk Sienkiewicz.

[From Jeremiah Curtin's translation of "Quo Vadis," published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. — Copyright, 1897 by Jeremiah Curtin.]

Lygia is the daughter of a foreign king, and is held in Rome as a hostage of war. Ursus is a giant slave of her father's household, and

her faithful servant and defender. Vinicius, a Roman tribune, who has fallen in love with Lygia, finds no other way of obtaining her hand in marriage than by renouncing his gods and becoming a Christian, as are both Lygia and Ursus. These two latter, at the opening of the story, are in prison, awaiting punishment by torture, for the burning of Rome, of which crime the Christians were accused by Nero.

Evening exhibitions, rare up to that period and given only exceptionally, became common in Nero's time, both in the circus and amphitheatre. Though the people were sated already with blood-spilling, still, when the news went forth that the end of the games were approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at the evening spectacle, a countless audience filled the amphitheatre. The Augustians came to a man, for they understood that this was to be no common spectacle; they knew that Cæsar had determined to make for himself a tragedy out of the suffering of Venicius. Tigellinus had kept secret the kind of punishment intended for the betrothed of the young tribune; but that merely roused general curiosity. Those who had seen Lygia at the house of Plautius told wonders of her beauty.

Uncertainty, waiting, and curiosity had mastered all spectators. Cæsar arrived earlier than usual; and immediately at his coming people whispered that something uncommon would happen that night, for besides Tigellinus and Vatinius, Cæsar had with him Cassius, a centurian of enormous size and gigantic strength, whom he summoned only when he wished to have a defender at his side.

Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where Vinicius was sitting. He was exceedingly pale, and great drops of perspiration stood out upon his brow; he was in as much doubt as were the other spectators, but alarmed to the lowest depth of his soul. Petronius knew not what would happen; he was silent save when he turned to Vinicius and asked whether he was ready for everything, and whether he would remain at the spectacle. To both questions Vinicius answered "Yes," but a shudder passed

through his whole body. Hitherto he had not supposed that that moment when present would be so terrible.

But his weakness did not last long. After a while he roused himself, or rather the stamping of the impatient multitude aroused him.

"Thou art ill," said Petronius; "give command to bear thee home."

Cæsar was looking through his great emerald at Vinicius, studying his pain with satisfaction to describe it afterward, perhaps, in pathetic strophes, and win the applause of hearers.

Vinicius shook his head. He might die in the amphitheater, but he could not go out of it. Moreover the spectacle might begin any moment.

Indeed, at that very instant almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus, Lygia's giant servant, into the brightly-lighted arena.

He blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the center and stood gazing around him as if to see what he had to meet. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustians, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree-trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules.

He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Savior; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes towards the stars, which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheatre.

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who were willing to die like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to lash combatants

unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent, for no one knew what was waiting for the giant, nor whether he would not be ready to struggle when he met death eye to eye.

They had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, and began to repeat in hoarse accents—

"I believe! I believe! O Christ, a miracle!"

He did not even feel that Petronius covered his head that moment with the toga. It seemed to him that death or pain had closed his eyes. He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought; his lips merely repeated, as if in madness—

"I believe! I believe! I believe!"

This time the amphitheatre was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up as if touched by living fire, and bending forward he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkle, and seized him by the horns.

"Look!" cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

Vinicius rose and bent back his head; his face was as pale as linen, and he looked into the arena with a glassy, vacant stare.

All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheatre a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as well as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first?—that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world. That Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of honor and statues. Nero himself stood up as well as others. He and Tigellinus, hearing of the man's strength, had planned this spectacle purposely, and they looked now with amazement at that picture, as if not believing that it could be real. But the man and the beast continued on in their monstrous exertion; one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws came a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearest came as it were the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkle the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden, he stood for a moment as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheatre had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He looked around awnile; then approached Cæsar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden in his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say:

"Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!"

Pity burst forth suddenly like a flame. The people had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her body with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clenched fists.

But Nero hesitated.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet and filled the amphitheater. In the

midst of shouts were heard cries, "Ahenobarbus! Matricide! Incendiary!"

Nero was alarmed.

He looked once more at the soldiers, and at the people; and seeing everywhere only frowning brows, angry faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy.

Justice, O King!---Charles Major.

From "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

[By courtesy of the author.]

Edwin Caskoden and Charles Brandon are the youthful lovers of the Lady Mary, the king's sister, and the Lady Jane Grey. Both young men are in the service of His Majesty.

Charles Brandon killed two men while rescuing the two young ladies from ruffians who attacked them while they were on a secret visit to the sooth sayers. For this crime he is imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon and is condemned to die. The King and officers know nothing of the reason for the murder, and Brandon, fearing the consequences for the Lady Mary, has refused to explain the cause..

Edwin Cascoden was sent to France on an errand for the King after having obtained a promise from the Lady Mary that she should confess her fault and have Brandon released. But fearing the wrath of her brother and King, and the punishment which would follow, she remained silent. The King desired her marriage with King Louis of France, and she was sure that he would demand it now if he came to know of this mad escapade.

At the opening of the story Edwin Caskoden returns from France and finds Brandon still in prison.

When I heard that Brandon had been in that dungeon all that long month, I felt that it would surely kill him, and my self-

accusation was so strong and bitter, and my mental pain so great, that I resolved that if my friend died, either by disease contracted in the dungeon or by execution of his sentence, that I would kill myself.

Next to myself I condemned those wretched girls for leaving Brandon to perish—Brandon, to whom they both owed so much. It turned me against all womankind for their selfish sake.

I did not dally this time. I trusted to no Lady Jane or Lady Mary. I determined to go to the king at once and tell him all. I did not care if the wretched Mary and Jane both had to marry the French king, or the devil himself. I did not care if they and all the host of their perfidious sisterhood went to the nether side of the universe, there to remain forever. I would retrieve my fault, in so far as it was retrievable, and save Brandon, who was worth them all put together. I would tell Mary and Jane what I thought of them, and that should end matters between us. I felt as I did toward them not only because of their treatment of Brandon, but because they had made me guilty of a grievous fault, for which I should never, so long as I lived, forgive myself. I determined to go to the king, and go I did within five minutes of the time I heard that Brandon was yet in prison.

I found the king sitting alone at public dinner, and, of course, was denied speech with him. I was in no humor to be balked, so I thust aside the guards, and, much to everybody's fright, for I was wild with grief, rage and despair, and showed it in every feature, rushed to the king and fell upon my knees at his feet.

"Justice, O King!" I cried, and all the courtiers heard.

"Justice, O king! for the worst used man and the bravest, truest soul that ever lived and suffered." Here the tears began to stream down my face and my voice choked in my throat. "Charles Brandon, your majesty's one-time friend, lies in a loathsome, rayless dungeon, condemned to death, as your majesty may know, for the killing of two men in Billingsgate Ward. I will tell you all: I should be thrust out from the society of decent

men for not having told you before I left for France, but I trusted it to another who has proved false. I will tell you all. Your sister, the Lady Mary, and Lady Jane Bollingbroke were returning alone, after dark, from a visit to the soothsayer, Grouche, of whom your majesty has heard. I had been notified of the Lady Mary's intended visit to him, although she had enjoined absolute secrecy upon my informant. I could not go, being detained upon your majesty's service—it was the night of the ball to the ambassadors—and I asked Brandon to follow them, which he did, without the knowledge of the princess. Upon returning the ladies were attacked by four ruffians, and would have met with worse than death had not the bravest heart and the best sword in England defended them victoriously against such fearful odds. He left them at Bridewell without hurt or injury, though covered with wounds himself. This man is condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered, but I know not your majesty's heart if he be not at once reprieved and richly rewarded. Think, my king! He saved the royal honor of your sister, who is so dear to you, and has suffered so terribly for his loyalty and bravery. The day I left so hurriedly for France the Lady Mary promised she would tell you all and liberate this man who had so nobly served her; but she is a woman, and was born to betray."

The king laughed a little at my vehemence.

"What is this you are telling me, Sir Edwin? I know of Brandon's death sentence, but much as I regret it, I can not interfere with the justice of our good people of London for the murder of two knights on their streets. If Brandon committed such a crime, and, I understand he does not deny it, I can not help him, however much I should like to do so. But this is nonsense about my sister! It can not be true. It must be trumped up out of your love in order to save your friend. Have a care, good master, how you say such a thing. If it be true, would not Brandon have told it at his trial?"

"It is as true as that God lives, my king! If the Lady Mary and Lady Jane do not bear me out in every word I have said, let

my life pay the forfeit. He would not tell of the great reason for killing the men, fearing to compromise the honor of those whom he had saved, for, there are slanderous tongues, and Brandon was willing to die with closed lips, rather than to set them wagging against one so dear to you. It seems that these ladies, who owe so much to him, are also willing that he should die rather than themselves bear the consequences of their own folly. Do not delay, I beseech your majesty. Eat not another morsel, I pray you, until this brave man, who has so truly served you, be taken from his prison and freed from his sentence of death. Come, come, my king! this moment, and all that I have, my wealth, my life, my honor, are yours for all time."

The king remained a moment in thought with knife in hand.

"Caskoden, I have never detected you in a lie in all the years I have known you; you are not very large in body, but your honor is great enough to stock a Goliath. I believe you are telling the truth. I will go at once to liberate Brandon; and that little hussy, my sister, shall go to France and enjoy life as best she can with her old beauty, King Louis. I know of no greater punishment to inflict upon her. This determines me; she shall coax me out of it no longer. Sir Thomas Brandon, have my horse ready, and I will go to the lord mayor, then to my lord, bishop of Lincoln and arrange to close this French treaty at once. Let everybody know that the Princess Mary will, within the month, be queen of France." This was said to the courtiers, and was all over London before night.

I followed closely in the wake of the king, though uninvited, for I had determined to trust no one, not even his majesty, until Brandon should be free. Henry had said he would go first to the lord mayor and then to Wolsey, but after we crossed the bridge he passed down Lower Thames street and turned up Fish-street Hill into Grace Church street on towards Bishopgate. He said he would stop at Mrs. Cornwallis's and have a pudding; and then on to Wolsey, who at that time lodged in a house near the wall beyond Bishopgate.

I knew if the king once reached Wolsey's, it would be wine and quoits and other games, interspersed now and then with a little blustering talk on statecraft, for the rest of the day. Then the good bishop would have in a few pretty London women and a dance would follow with wine and cards and dice, and Henry would spend the night at Wolsey's, and Brandon lie another night in the mire of his Newgate dungeon.

I resolved to raise heaven and earth, and the other place, too, if necessary, before this should happen. So I rode boldly up to the king, and with uncovered head addressed him: Your majesty gave me your royal word that you would go to the lord mayor first, and this is the road to my lord bishop of Lincoln. In all the years I have known your majesty, both as gallant prince and puissant king this is the first request I ever proffered, and now I only ask of you to save your own noble honor, and do your duty as a king and man."

These were bold words, but I did not care one little farthing whether they pleased him or not. The king stared at me and said:

"Caskoden, you are a perfect fiste at my heels. But you are right; I had forgotten my errand. You disturbed my dinner, and my stomach called loudly for one of Mrs. Cornwallis's puddings; but you are right to stick to me. What a friend you are in case of need. Would I had one like you."

"Your majesty has two of whom I know; one riding humbly by your royal side, and the other lying in the worst dungeon in christendom."

With this the king wheeled about and started west toward Guildhall. Oh, how I hated Henry for that cold-blooded, selfish forgetfulness worse than crime; and how I hoped the Blessed Virgin would forget him in time to come, and leave his soul an extra thousand years in purging flames, just to show him how it goes to be forgotten—in hell.

To the lord mayor we accordingly went without further delay. He was only too glad to liberate Brandon when he heard

my story, which the king had ordered me to repeat. The only hesitancy was from a doubt of its truth.

The lord mayor was kind enough to say that he felt little doubt of my word, but that friendship would often drive a man to any extremity, even falsehood, to save a friend.

Then I offered to go into custody myself to pay the penalty, death, for helping a convicted felon to escape, if I told not the truth, to be confirmed or denied by the princess and her first lady in waiting. I knew Jane and was willing to risk her truthfulness without a doubt—it was so pronounced as to be troublesome at times—and as to Mary—well, I had no doubt of her either. If she would but stop to think out the right she was sure to do it.

My offer was satisfactory, for what more can a man do than pledge his life for his friend?

The lord mayor did not require my proffered pledge, but readily consented that the King should write an order for Brandon's pardon and release. This was done at once, and we, that is I, together with a sheriff's sergeant and his four yeomen, hastened to Newgate, while Henry went over to Wolsey's to settle Mary's fate.

Brandon was brought up with chains and manacles at his ankles and wrists. When he entered the room and saw me, he exclaimed: "Ah! Caskoden, is that you? I thought they had brought me up to hang me, and was glad for the change; but I suppose you would not come to help at that, even if you have left me here to rot; God only knows how long; I have forgotten."

I could not restrain the tears at sight of him.

"Your words are more than just," I said; and, being anxious that he should know at once that my fault had not been so great as it looked, continued hurriedly: "The king sent me to France upon an hour's notice, the day after your arrest. I know only too well I should not have gone without seeing you out of this, but you had enjoined silence upon me, and—and I trusted to the promise of another."

"I thought as much. You are in no way to blame, my

friend; all I ask is that you never mention the subject again."

"My friend!" Ah! the words were dear to me as words of love from a sweetheart's lips.

I hardly recognized him, he was so frightfully changed. Suffering had well-nigh done its work, and nothing but the hardihood gathered in his years of camp life and war, could have saved him from death.

We bathed and reclothed him as well as we could at Newgate, and then took him home to Greenwich, and put the poor fellow to bed.

Ah! this bed is a foretaste of paradise!" he said as he lay upon the mattress.

The Angel and the Shepherds.

From "Ben Hur"—Lew Wallace.

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A mile and a-half, it may be two miles, southeast of Bethlehem, there is a plain separated from the town by an intervening swell of the mountain. At the side farthest from the town, close under a bluff, there was an extensive marah, or sheepcot, ages old. In some long forgotten foray the building had been unroofed and almost demolished. The inclosure attached to it remained intact, however, and that was of more importance to the shepherds who drove their charges thither than the house itself.

Here, upon this eventful occasion, were assembled six of these men, omitting the watchman. Supper over and clustered in a group near the fire, some sitting, some lying prone, they rested and talked. Rude and simple as they were in their ways, they had a knowledge and a wisdom of their own and a firm be-

lief in the one God, and that they must love Him with all their souls.

While they talked, and before the first watch was over, one by one the shepherds went to sleep, each lying where he had sat.

The night, like most nights of the winter season in the hill country, was clear, crisp and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked; at times he stopped, attracted by a stir among the sleeping herds, or by a jackal's cry off on the mountain side. The midnight was slow coming to him; but at last it came. His task was done; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children! He moved toward the fire, but paused; a light was breaking around him, soft and white like the moon's. He waited breathlessly. The light deepened; things before invisible, came to view; he saw the whole field and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air—a chill of fear—smote him. He looked up; the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky; as he looked it became a splendor; then, in terror, he cried:

"Awake, awake!"

Up sprang the dogs, and, howling, ran away. The herds rushed together bewildered. The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand.

"What is it?" they asked, in one voice.

"See!" cried the watchman, "the sky is on fire!"

Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes, and dropped upon their knees; then, as their souls shrank in fear, they fell upon their faces blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them:

"Fear not!"

And they listened.

"Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings or great joy, which shall be to all people."

The voice, in sweetness and soothing more than human, and low and clear, penetrated all their being, and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees, and, looking worshipfully, beheld in the centre of a great glory the appearance of a man, clad in a robe intensely white; above its shoulders towered the tops of wings shining and folded; a star over its forehead glowed with steady lustre, brilliant as Hesperus; its hands were stretched toward them in blessing; its face was serene and divinely beautiful.

They had often heard, and, in their simple way, talked of angels; and they doubted not now, but said in their hearts: "The glory of God is about us, and this is He who of old came to the prophet by the river of Ulai."

Directly the angel continued:

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord!"

Again there was a rest, while the words sank into their minds.

"And this shall be a sign unto you," the annunciator said next.

"Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger."

The herald spoke not again; his good tidings were told; yet he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light of which he seemed the centre, turned roseate and began to tremble; then up, far as the men could see, there was flashing of white wings, and coming and going of radiant forms, and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!"

Not once the praise, but many times.

Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one far off; his wings stirred and spread slowly and majestically, on

their upper side white as snow, in the shadow vari-tinted, like mother-of-pearl; when they were expanded many cubits beyond his stature, he arose lightly, and, without effort, floated out of view, taking the light up with him. Long after he was gone, down from the sky fell the refrain in measure mellowed by distance, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

The H'Anthem.

Speaking of anthems (says a writer in the Nautical Gazette) reminds me of the story of two old British sailors who were talking over their shore experiences. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while, and then said: "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What," replied Bill, "Do you mean to say that you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If you was to tell me, 'Ere, Bill,giv me that 'andspike," that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was you to say 'Bill, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that hand, handspike, hand, handspike. Ah-men, ah-men. Bill givmethathandspike, spike, ah-men!' why, that would be a hanthem."

A Sad Mistake.

The other day as a Harvard student was crossing from Cambridge over to the Boston Public Library, the car he was in became stalled a little way over the bridge. He was absorbed in his book and did not notice the delay at first; but, after quite

a long wait, he thought he would go outside and see what was the trouble. On reaching the door he found a long line of cars in front of him, and was about to step off the car and walk, when, glancing up, he saw a rougish face peeping at him from behind the window curtains of a house just across the street. He smiled at the girl; she smiled back at his evident discomfiture, waved her hand at him and disappeared. He settled down in the car to wait for her appearance. One of the college men who happened to be in the car said, "Do you know Miss Kate Penoyia?" He said he did. But though they were detained there half an hour she did not return to the window.

All that morning in the library he saw a pair of lovely eyes gazing at him from between the pages of his book. He returned to Cambridge and decided he had fallen deeply in love with the owner of the eyes, and must make her acquaintance. All the afternoon he was abstracted and moody. His chums could get nothing out of him, and the professors marked him zero in his work. As evening came on a bright inspiration seized him. He was leader of the banjo and guitar club of the college; he would take his banjo, go over and serenade the maiden, and thus win his way into her good graces. At 9 o'clock that night he crossed once more to the fateful scene of the morning. He took up his position in plain sight under the window where he had beheld the beautiful damsel. He lifted up his voice and sang in his best manner:

(Air: "Sweet Evelina.")

"Miss Kate Penoyia, Miss Kate Penoyia,
My love for thee will never, never die.
Miss Kate Penoyia, Miss Kate Penoyia,
My love for thee will never, never die."

He waited, but no one came. Again he took his banjo and sang the soul-stirring ditty—still no signs from the house. At last he was just about to turn away in despair when the window

opened, a woolly head was thrust out, and a large soft negro voice sang down to him:

"Young man below dar! Young man below dar!
Planin' so sweet on de ole banjo.
Young man below dar! Young man below dar!
Miss Kate Penoyia lives fo' doahs below!"

Two of a Kind.

Patrick O'Mars, a private in the twenty-ninth regulars, went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian who did not believe in granting too many privileges to his men, and who did not hestaitate to use a subterfuge in the refusal of one. He looked at Patrick a few minutes and then said:

"Well, Patrick, why do you want a two weeks' furlough?"

"Colonel," said Patrick, "my wife is sick, and the children are not well, and if you didn't mind she'd like to have me at home for a while, just to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed Patrick a few minutes and said:

"Well, Patrick, I might grant your request, but I had a letter from your wife this morning and she tells me she doesn't want you at home. She says you are a nuisance when you are there and that you raise a row every time you come, and she hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it, then, I s'pose I can't get the furlough then?"

"No; Patrick, I think not. It would hardly be wise for me to grant it under the circumstances."

It was now Patrick's turn to eye the colonel as he started for the door. Pausing a moment, he said:

"There's somethin' I'd like to say to you, Colonel, before I go."

"Very well, Patrick, what is it?"

"You will not be angry with me if I say it, will you, colonel?"

"No, Patrick, say on."

"Well, colonel, I just want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. Why, I never was married in all my life."

Babies.—Jerome K. Jerome.

Why do babies have such yards of unnecessary clothing? It is not a riddle, I really want to know. Is it that the parents are ashamed of the size of the child and wish to make believe that it is longer than it actually is?

I asked a nurse once why it was. She said:

"Lor', sir, they always have long clothes, bless their little hearts."

And when I explained that her answer, although doing credit to her feelings, hardly disposed of my difficulty, she replied:

"Lor', sir, you wouldn't have them in short clothes, poor little dears?" And she said it in a tone that seemed to imply that I had suggested some unmanly outrage. Since then I have felt shy at making inquiries on the subject, and the reason—if reason there be—is still a mystery to me.

A man—an unmarried man, that is—is never seen to such disadvantage as when undergoing the ordeal of "seeing baby." You try to think of something to say, but find, to your horror that your reasoning facilities have left you. Glancing round with an imbecile smile you observe that "It hasn't got much hair, has it?" Nobody answers you for a minute, but at last the stately nurse says with much gravity—"It is not customary for children five weeks old to have long hair."

Silence follows this, and you feel you are being given a sec-

ond chance, which you avail yourself of by inquiring if it can walk yet.

By this time you have got to be regarded as not quite right in your head, and pity is the only thing felt for you. The child itself, who has hitherto been regarding you with an expression of mingled horror and disgust, puts an end to the nonsense by beginning to yell at the top of its voice.

"How very extraordinary!" you say pleasantly. "Whatever made it go off like that?" "Oh, why you must have done something to her!" says the mother indignantly; "the child wouldn't scream like that for nothing." It is evident they think you have been running pins into it.

Babies, though, with all their crimes and errors, are not without their use—not without use, surely, when they fill an empty heart; not without use when, at their call, sunbeams of love break through care clouded faces; not without use when their little fingers press wrinkles into smiles. Odd little people! They are the unconscious comedians of the world's great stage. They supply the humor in life's all too heavy drama.

Poor little untried feet; just commencing the stony journey! We, old travelers, far down the road, can only pause to wave a hand to you. You come out of the dark mist, and we, looking back, see you so tiny in the distance, standing on the brow of the hill, your arms stretched out toward us. God speed you! We would stay and take your little hands in ours, but the murmur of the great sea is in our ears, and we may not linger. We must hasten down, for the shadowy ships are waiting to spread their sable sails.

Night.—Jerome K. Jerome.

It seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In

its great presence our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head and turns our tear-stained faces up to hers and smiles; and though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and we lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Sometimes our pain is very deep and real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us; she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and, borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that pain and sorrow are but the angels of God.

Only those who have worn the crown of suffering can look upon that wondrous light; and they, when they return, may not speak of it, or tell the mystery they know.

How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed His Fence.

Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden. The world seemed a hollow mockery to Tom, who had planned fun for that day, and he knew that he would be the laughing-stock of all the boys as they came past and saw him set to work like a "nigger." But a great inspiration burst upon him, and he went tranquilly to work. What that inspiration was will appear from what follows.

One of the boys, Ben Rogers, comes by and pauses, eating a

particularly fine apple. Tom does not see him. Ben stared a moment, and then said,—

"Hi-yi! you're a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said,—

"Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey!"

"Why, it's you, Ben; I wasn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd rather work, wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said,—

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly,—

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"O, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence everyday?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again. Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said,—

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered; was about to consent, but he altered his mind. "No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a

thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? O, come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to; honest Injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"O, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangling his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought it for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper off a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog collar—but no dog—a handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world af-

ter all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it, namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

Three Ways.

Upon the journey of life I came unto a place where the road branched out into three ways, and I knew not which to choose. Before me stretched a fair, broad path whereon were many wayfarers. I asked of one about to traverse it, "What path is this?"

He answered me with kindling eyes. "It is the path of Art." "And what," I questioned him, "lyeth at the end of it as guerdon?"

He answered, "Fame."

Then all my soul within me was hot to follow, but I bethought me of the other paths and delayed my choice.

Upon the road that lay unto the right of me I turned mine eyes, and behold it was shaded on either side with fair green branches. It seemed, in sooth, a goodly road to follow, and many were they that traversed it. I asked of a traveler:

"What road is this?" He answered, "It is Love's road." "And what," I asked him, "lyeth at the end of it?"

He answered, "Pain."

Nevertheless did this road seem, unto my enchanted eyes, yet more goodly than the first, and I had already set foot upon it to traverse it when I bethought me of that other path and delayed my choice yet a little longer.

Upon this road, the one that lay unto the left of me, I now turned mine eyes. It was but a dim, narrow path, leading into the far distance. It was but sparely traveled and of those who set foot upon it, but few kept on their way. For the most part they turned again, and choosing one of the other roads, put the

thought of the way they had tried to follow out of their minds forever. I met a traveler fleeing with his eyes upon the path of Love, and I said unto him, "What path is this?" He answered me shudderingly, "It is the path of Duty." "And what," I asked of him, "lyeth at the end of it?"

He answered me, "The Unknown. 'Tis but a cold, dim, desert path leading into the far distance, and there is no end unto it save only death."

Then did I turn my back upon the path of Art and upon the path of Love, and I set my face unto the way of Duty. And why I have chosen thus, I do not know, but in the silent watches of the night, when all false values fade away, and good and evil stand forth clearly revealed, my soul approves my choice.

The Future.

[From "Reveries of a Bachelor."—Donald C. Mitchell.]

The Future is a great land; how the lights and the shadows throng over it—bright and dark, slow and swift!

Pride and Ambition build up great castles on its plains,—great monuments on the mountains that reach heavenward, and dip their tops in the blue of Eternity! Then comes an earthquake—the earthquake of disappointment, of distrust, or of inaction—and lays them low. Gaping desolation widens its breaches everywhere; the eye is full of them, and can see nothing beside. By-and-by the sun peeps forth—as now from behind yonder cloud—and reanimates the soul.

Fame beckons, sitting high in the heavens; and joy lends a halo to the vision. A thousand resolves stir your heart; your hand is hot and feverish for action; your brain works madly, and you snatch here, and you snatch there, in the convulsive throes

of your delirium. Perhaps you see some earnest, careful plodder, once far behind you, now toiling slowly but surely over the plain of life, until he seems near to grasping those brilliant phantoms which dance along the horizon of the future, and the sight stirs your soul to frenzy, and you bound on after him with the madness of a fever in your veins. But it was by no such action that the fortunate toiler has won his progress. His hand is steady; his brain is cool; his eye is fixed and sure.

The Future is a great land; a man cannot go round it in a day; he cannot measure it with a bound; he cannot bind its harvests into a single sheaf. It is wider than the vision, and has no end.

Yet always, day by day, hour by hour, second by second, the hard Present is elbowing us off into that great land of the Future. Our souls indeed wander to it as to a home-land; they run beyond time and space, beyond planets and suns, beyond far-off suns and comets, until, like blind flies, they are lost in the blaze of immensity, and can only grope their way back to our earth and our time by the cunning of instinct.

Cut out the Future, even that little Future which is the Evening of our life, and what a fall into vacuity! Forbid those earnest forays over the borders of Now, and on what spoils would the soul live?

Not alone does the soul wander to those glittering heights where Fame sits, with plumes waving in zephyrs of applause; there belong to it other appetites, which range wide and constantly over the broad Future land. We are not merely working intellectual machines, but social puzzles, whose solution is the work of a life. Much as hope may lean towards the intoxicating joy of distinction, there is another leaning in the soul, deeper and stronger, toward those pleasures which the heart pants for, and in whose atmosphere the affections bloom and ripen.

The first may indeed be uppermost; it may be noisiest; it may drown with the clamor of mid-day the nicer sympathies. But all our day is not mid-day; and all our life is not noise. Silence

is as strong as the soul, and there is no tempest so wild with blasts but has a wilder lull. There lies in the depth of every man's soul a mine of affection, which from time to time will burn with the seething heat of a volcano, and heave up lava-like monuments through all the strata of his commoner nature.

One may hide his warmer feelings; he may paint them dimly; he may crowd them out of his sailing-chart, where he only sets down the harbors for traffic; yet in his secret heart he will map out upon the great country of the Future, fairy islands of love and of joy. There he will be sure to wander, when his soul is lost in those quiet and hallowed hopes which take hold on heaven.

Love only unlocks the door upon that Futurity where the isles of the blessed lie like stars. Affection is the stepping-stone to God. The heart is our only measure of infinitude. The mind tires with greatness; the heart—never. Thought is worried and weakened in its flight through the immensity of space, but Love soars around the throne of the Highest with added blessing and strength.

The heart is a readier and quicker builder of those fabrics which strew the great country of the Future than the mind. They may not, indeed, rise so high as the dizzy pinnacles that ambition loves to rear; but they lie like fragrant islands in a sea whose ripple is a cntinuous melody.

The affections are the architect that build up the future refuge. And in fancy at least we build it boldly, saddened it may be by the chance shadows of evening; but through all hoping for a sunset, when the day ends, glorious with crimson and gold.

SELECTIONS FROM

ORATIONS AND POEMS.

The New South.—Henry W. Grady.

"There was a South of secession and Slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour."

I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself.

You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North, and the grand review at Washington. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture if you can, the foot-sore soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? Let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before?

He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves

freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, or credit, employment, material or training—and, besides all this confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with the heart of gold—does he sit down in sulleness and despair? Not for a day. Surely, God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; the horses that had charged upon General Sherman's line marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. On the record of her social, industrial and political restoration, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

The Old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could never give nor maintain healthy growth. The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes

for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity.

As she stands full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. The South has nothing to take back; nothing for which she has excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man, who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. What answer has New England to this message? Will he permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and

happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with peace, touching his lips with praise, and glorfying his path to the grave, will she make this vision on which the last sight of his expiring soul breathed, a benediction, or a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal.

But if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered to this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand, and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

Heroes of War.---Alexander M. Garber.

[From a Memorial Address delivered in Alabama in 1897.]

All things that have been in this world, all things that are or will be in it, have to vanish. We have our sad farewell to give them. For twenty-two years the winter snows have softly fallen, and the vernal blossoms brightly glowed above the graves of those who vanished frm the cheerful light of day, and from many a battle field went down into that darkness wherein the voice of no sad farewell could reach them---went down into silence, but not forgetfulness. If this day we celebrate, this annual Memorial Day, consecrated to the reverence of our departed heroes, means anything, it means above all that they are enshrined in our hearts' most loyal affections, to be loved and venerated so long as the life-blood flows warm through any Southern heart. With reverence and hearts of love, gather the sweetest flowers,

twine them into wreathes of martial glory, and tenderly deck the mounds where in eternal sleep their sacred ashes rest.

Years rush by us like the wind, carrying with them all that belongs to this outside life. All that is in accordance with the fashion of this world, by its nature passes swiftly away, but love is deathless, faith changeless, and the great tenacious heart of our people is fixed in devotion to those who died for country and honor's sake. And yet, in obedience to that law of time and change, from which no mortal can escape, the swift years have made a pathetic difference in the day we celebrate now, and the same day a quarter of a century ago.

"And memory then had in her keeping
All, all the heroes, who are sleeping
Beneath these mounds; yet one by one—
Though still as soft the Southern sun
Beams on her silent homes, and bright
Star keep the vigils of the night—
Their names from memory's scroll are fading,
The cares of the 'To-day' invading,
Almost deny their holy claim,
Or merge all in one blast, that Fame,
Regardless of each humble bed,
Sounds for the South's heroic dead."

The great struggle, with its sad but heroic memories, belongs alone to history. I thank God that to-day we are a restored Union—a re-united people, chastened and sobered. Thirty years ago the great wounds and gashes of war were fresh and bleeding. The mothers and widows who knelt beside graves not yet green with nature's soft covering, the maidens whose thin fingers twined garlands to lay upon the last resting place of brothers, friends, lovers, in whose blood the light of their young lives had been quenched, could feel only the anguish of fierce pain that "within them quivered!"

These maidens are matrons now—many of them long since gone to the land where all sorrows are forgotten. With a new

generation comes softer memories, old griefs faded out, old animosities outlived, and only love remaining—love and reverence, and that generous exaltation of the soul, whereby we lose ourselves in a pure fervor of something akin to worship. Let us be thankful, that time works such miracles of reconstruction, the only reconstruction possible to a passionate people, submitting loyally and manfully to that arbitrament of battle which they had invoked so recklessly, but cleaving with fond persistence to every memory sanctified by the proud, imposing valor of the men who followed Lee and Jackson. All that is good remains—the sacred remembrance and dear affection, while bitterness and hatred have passed away.

No more reverent hands carried the pall of the immortal Grant than those of the very men who had fought to the last vainly against his conquering legions. Not long since in the city of Chicago we witnessed the dedication of a monument to the Confederate dead; a few months later the historic occasion at Chattanooga presented another scene to gladden the heart—Confederate and Union veterans standing again upon the field of Chickamauga—the North and South shaking hands in fraternal fellowship upon one of the bloodiest battle fields of war.

Surely this grand English-speaking American People must inevitably fuse into a united and sympathetic race. Countless common bonds and similar characteristics tend to complete assimilation. How swiftly the years are carrying us away from the Old South, the South as it was when this memorial day was lovingly instituted.

This sweet and gracious season of remembrance, has been dear to many who have ceased to celebrate it here. In the hearts of most of us there are void chambers, which echo with the sad cadences of those voices now stilled forever. The day we celebrate comes charged with newer and more personal memories as the years go on, and fresh sorrows mingle with and give pathetic meaning to the half-obliterated records of a by-gone generation. And so with softened hearts, we come and lay our garlands on

those honored graves, and shed a tear, not wholly selfish, to the memory of those we have loved and who have gone before.

> "Time turns the page, the past is gone,
> And naught restores the vanished days."

In a little while all those who were actors in the great war will have passed away. Let us hope that with them all the evil passions it engendered may be buried out of mind. All nature points to healing and renewal. A few years ago, and countless battle fields still presented ghastly tokens of the time when brothers, speaking the same dear mother tongue, lifted up vengeful hands in fratricidal strife. Day by day, the sun has shown down upon these fields; the gentle stars have looked down upon them through long summer nights. In winter the snow has fallen lightly above the trenches ploughed by deadly missiles, and the summer dew has softly blessed the sod, where many a crushed body lay, and whence many a brave soul went up to God. Swiftly, with noiseless touch, the scarred bosom of mother earth has been covered with flowers and verdure; and when spring returns to "deck the hallowed mold," the waste places smile under Heaven's own benediction of peace and tranquility."

Duty and Destiny.---William McKinley.

[From an address delivered in Chicago at the close of the Spanish-American War.]

Upon the suspension of hostilities of a foreign war, the first in our history for over half a century, we have met in a spirit of peace, profoundly grateful for the glorious advancement already made, and earnestly wishing in the final termination to realize an equally glorious fulfillment.

With no feeling of exhultation, but with profound thank-

fulness, we contemplate the events of the past five months. They have been too serious to admit of boasting or vain glorification. They have been so full of responsibilites, immediate and prospective, as to admonish the soberest judgment and counsel the most conservative action. This is not the time to fire the imagination, but rather to discover in calm reason the way to truth and justice and right, and when discovered to follow it with fidelity and courage, without fear, hesitation or weakness.

The war has put upon the nation grave responsibilities. Their extent was not anticipated and could not have been well foreseen. We cannot escape the obligations of victory. We cannot avoid the serious questions which have been brought home to us by the achievements of our arms on land and sea. We are bound in conscience to keep and perform the covenants which the war has sacredly sealed with mankind. Accepting war for humanity's sake, we must accept all obligations which the war in duty and honor imposed upon us. The splendid victories we have achieved would be our eternal shame and not our everlasting glory if they led to the weakening of our original lofty purpose or to the desertion of the immortal principles on which the national government was founded and in accordance with whose ennobling spirit it has ever since been faithfully administered.

The war with Spain was undertaken not that the United States should increase its territory, but that oppression at our very doors should cease. This noble sentiment must continue to animate us, and we must give to the world the full demonstration of the sincerity of our purpose.

Duty determines destiny. Destiny which results from duty performed may bring anxiety and perils, but never failure and dishonor. Pursuing duty may not always lead by smooth paths. Another coarse may look easier and more attractive, but pursuing duty for duty's sake is always sure and safe and honorable.

It is not within the power of man to foretell the future and to solve unerringly its mighty problems. Almighty God has His plans and methods for human progress, and not infrequently they

are shrouded for the time in impenetrable mystery. Looking backward we can see how the hand of destiny builded for us and assigned us tasks whose full meaning was not apprehended even by the wisest statesmen of their times. Our colonial ancestors did not enter upon their war originally for independence. Abraham Lincoln did not start out to free the slaves, but to save the Union.

The war with Spain was not of ourseeking, and some of its consequences may not be to our liking. Our vision is often defective. Shortsightedness is a common malady, but the closer we get to things or they get to us the clearer our view and the less obscure our duty. Patriotism must be faithful as well as fervent; statesmanship must be wise as well as fearless—not the statesmanship which will command the applause of the hour, but the judgment of posterity.

The progress of a nation can alone prevent degeneration. There must be new life and purpose, or there will be weaknss and decay. There must be a constant movement toward a higher and nobler civilization, a civilization that shall make its conquests without resort to war and achieve its greatest victories pursuing the arts of peace.

The final determination of our purpose awaits the action of the eminent men who are charged by the executive with the making of the treaty of peace and that of the Senate of the United States, which, by our constitution, must ratify and confirm it. We all hope and pray that the confirmation of peace will be as just and humane as the conduct and consummation of the war. When the work of the treatymakers is done the work of the lawmakers will begin. The one will settle the extent of our responsibilities; the other must provide the legislation to meet them. The army and navy have nobly and heroically performed their part. May God give the executive and congress wisdom to perform theirs.

A Tribute to Our Dead.--Keenan Hurst.

My Comrades, forty years ago our valiant hosts met upon the battle field that brave army in gray; met and fought as only brave warriors can. All honor to every man who wore the coat of blue and marched into battle at his country's call. Patriotism, war, pain and death, all had new meaning then. Such a war was never known before, and thank God, will never be known again. It is past and gone, and let us cherish only the sacred memories of its matchless heroes.

On this our National Memorial Day, my comrades, there should dwell in our hearts only "love and tears for the blue, tears and love for the gray." Beneath these mounds only heroes sleep, it matters not whether they wore the blue or the gray. Let us then plant above every grave our National banner, now loved and honored by both the North and the South, and over each grave mound scatter our tribute of flowers; remembering with all tenderness each hero of that bloody strife, whether he fought beneath the Southern flag or our glorious Stars and Stripes. Whatever flag he followed it meant to him his country and his fireside, and none know better than we that he fought bravely and well.

'Tis only the little mind that knows not how to forgive. Only a great soul could say as did Gen. Robert E. Lee: "I have fought against the North, but I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings." And I believe that our modern author understands well the immortal Lincoln when he portrays him at the close of the war in our National Capitol, pointing out to the daughter of a Confederate colonel the place where once had floated the Southern flag, and where then proudly waved the Union signal. "Virginia," Abraham Lincoln is made to say, "You loved that flag, and I say in all sincerity may you ever love it. May the day come when this Nation, North and South, will look back upon it with reverence. Thousands upon thousands of brave men have fought and died under it. But may the day come

again when you will love the flag you see there now—Washington's flag—better still!"

This sentiment is not unlike that of his well remembered second inaugural address when he said:—"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations."

To-day we who are left of the two great armies are American citizens with one country and one flag. Then with sweetest flowers and tenderest memories, beneath the blue of our western skies and its golden sunshine, let us deck each hallowed spot where heroes sleep, granting the poet's theme, that, "They banish our anger forever when they laurel the graves of our dead."

Sketch From Columbian Oration.—Henry Watterson.

There is no life of nations or of men without its shadow and its sorrow. There comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walk upon the battlements of freedom, and all is dark; and all seems lost, save liberty, and honor, and our blessed Union. Truly, out of trial comes the strength of man, out of disaster comes the glory of the state!

The mirage of the Confederacy has vanished. The Republic represents at last the letter and the spirit of the Sublime Declaration. The fetters that bound her to the earth are burst asunder. The rags that degraded her beauty are cast aside. Like the enchanted princess in the legend, clad in spotless raiment and wear-

ing a crown of living light, she steps, in the perfecton of her maturity, upon the scene of this, the latest and proudest of her victories, to bid a welcome to the world! Need I pursue the theme? There is no geography in American manhood. There are no sections to American fraternity. The South claims Lincoln, the immortal, for its own; the North has no right to reject Stonewall Jackson, the one typical Puritan soldier of the war, for its own! Nor will it! The time is coming, is almost here, when, hanging above many a mantel board in fair New England — glorifying many a home in the sunny South—shall be seen, bound together in everlasting love and honor, two cross-swords, carried to battle respectively by the grand-father who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray. God bless our country's flag! And God be with us, now and forever, God in the rooftree's shade and God on the highways, God in the winds and waves, and God in all our hearts!

Our National Flag.--Henry Ward Beecher.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself, and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-colored Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely: there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too. Not another flag on the globe

had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it are to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it are beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion, and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of dawn. It means liberty.

This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people for the people. That it meant, that it means, and, by the blessing of God, that it shall mean to the end of time!

Our fathers were God-fearing men. Into their hands God committed this banner, and they have handed it down to us. And I thank God that it is still in the hands of men who fear Him and love righteousness. "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed." And displayed it shall be. Advanced full against the morning light, and borne with the growing and glowing day, it shall take the last ruddy beams of the night, and from the Atlantic wave, clear across with eagle flight to the Pacific, that banner shall float, meaning all the liberty which it has ever meant! From the North, where snows and mountain ice stand solitary, clear to the glowing tropics and the Gulf, that banner that has hitherto waved shall wave and wave forever,—every star, every band, every thread and fold significant of liberty!

Words of Strength.---Schiller.

There are three lessons I would write,
  Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
  Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
  And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
  No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
  The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
  But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
  Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
  Hope, Faith, and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
  Light, when thou else wert blind.

Recessional.—Kipling.

God of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
  The captains and the kings depart;

Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The Song of the Camp.—Bayard Taylor.

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer beheld its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang—

"Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,

Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Ga' me her promise true,
Ga' me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon an' dee."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang—

"For the bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing,
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

The Earl-king.—Goethe.

O who rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child,
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says;
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"
"Oh, 'tis the Earl-King with his crown and his shroud."
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of a cloud."

"Oh come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"
"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

"Oh, wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain?"
"O, yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon."

"Oh, come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."
"O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was dead!

Aux Italiens.—Robert Bulwer Lytton.

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
Non ti scordar di me?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again
For one moment, under the old blue sky.
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;—
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and soundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love

As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh, the faint sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed there in the waste of life;
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over:
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

And I turned and looked: she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—
From my bride betrother, with her raven hair

And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past),
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door.
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then;
And the very first words that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy and young and handsome still;
And but for her . . . . well, we'll let that pass;
She may marry whom ever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

Katherine's Appeal to Henry VIII.—Shakespere.

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice.
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you; what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable.
Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reigned by many
A year before: it is not to be questio'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose council
I will implore: if not, i' th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Cardinal Wolsey to the Messengers of the King.—Shakespere.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks—good, easy man—full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. * * * * * * *
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

The Village Preacher.—Goldsmith.

Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, or wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crūtch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.

The Exile of the Acadians.—Longfellow.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit was spread the feast of betrothal.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion, and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were the words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Billy, He's In Trouble.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out west,
An' my ol' heart's as heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right and come to such an end.
I told him when he left us, only three short years ago
He'd find himself a-ploughin' in a mighty crooked row—
He'd miss his father's counsels and his mother's prayers, too,
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guess he'd have to go.

I know thar's big temptation for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had courage to resist;
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waiting snares
That lie like hidden sarpints in life's pathway every-wheres.
But Bill, he promised faithful to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud.
But it seems as how my counsel sort a' faded from his mind,
An' now the boy's in trouble of the very wustest kind!

His letters come so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a-tramping on a mighty rocky road.
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
An' in the dust he would waller his old daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother! it'd crush her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

Is It Worth While.—Joaquin Miller.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
  Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
  In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
  God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
  Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
  On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
  Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Is it worth while that we battle to humble

Some poor fellow mortal down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

Kentucky.

Kentucky, O Kentucky!
I love your classic shades,
Where flit the fairy figures
Of dark-eyed Southern maids;
Where the mocking birds are singing
'Mid the flowers newly born,
Where the corn is full of Kernels
And the Colonel's full of corn.

Lines From the Fool's Prayer.—Edward Roland Sill.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

Lines From the Bridge.—Longfellow.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,

Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart, hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

The V-a-s-e.

Far from the crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the works of art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown.

The Gotham million, fair to see,
The Philadelphia pedigree,

The Boston mind of azure blue
And the soulful soul from Kalamazoo.

For all loved Art in a seemly way
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshiped, but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until upspoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing, said "What a lovely vace!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's mighty soul was stirred,
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis indeed a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph, when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two Grand-papas,
Exclaimed, "It is quite a lovely vahz,"

And glanced around with anxious thrill
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!"

"I did not catch your remark because
I was so entranced with that charming vawz."

Things That Never Die.—Charles Dickens.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,

When justice threatens high
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell:
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true:
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

My Ships.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold
So many sails as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,

And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state—
So rich the treasures that would be
In each of my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me
Ah, well! the storms that men might frown,
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship were down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Freighted down with gems and wealth untold
With glory, honors, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies be calm! O winds blow free—
Blow all my ships safe home to me.
But if that vessel come a-wrack
To never more come sailing back,
Send any—all that skim the sea
But bring my love-ship home to me.

A Life Lesson.—James Whitcomb Riley.

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by,—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days

Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by,—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh,—
There! little girl; don't cry!

"Good Bye, God Bless You."—Eugene Field.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold, and seems to reach
Way down into our feelings.
That some folks deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it:
But I have never found it so—
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "Au revoir," "Adieu me chere,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says, "Good-bye, God bless you'.'

This seems to me a sacred phrase,
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly, but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful.
Into the porches of the ears

It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function.
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you:
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-bye, God bless you."

I love the words, perhaps because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me;
She put her arms around my neck,
And soothed the pain of leaving
And though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no words of grieving.
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But kissing me, she said good-bye
And asked our God to bless me.

Je 11'24

Je 11'27

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